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MARTYRS OMITTED BY FOXE.

QUANTUM RELIGIO POTUIT SUADERE MALORUM!

Lucretius.

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MARTYRS OMITTED BY FOXE:

BEING RECORDS OF

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTIONS IN THE SIXTEENTH AND SEVENTEENTH CENTURIES.

COMPILED BY

A MEMBER OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH.

WITH A PREFACE BY

THE REV. FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D.C.L., F.S.A.,
VICAR OF ALL SAINTS', LAMBETH.

"The voice of thy brother's blood crieth unto Me from the ground."—GEN. iv. 10.
"He ordaineth His arrows against the persecutors."—Ps. vii. 13.

LONDON:
JOHN HODGES, BEDFORD STREET,
AND FROME SELWOOD.
1870.

THIS COMPILATION

FROM THE

RECORDS OF THE ANGLO-ROMAN MARTYRS,

Is Dedicated

WITH SENTIMENTS OF THE HIGHEST ESTEEM,

AND

IN GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF THE MATERIAL

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THE REV. SIR WILLIAM H. COPE, BART., M.A.,

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PREFACE.

HAVING been solicited by the Compiler of this volume to write a brief Preface to it, I readily comply with that request, firmly holding that nothing but good results can flow from a fair and impartial examination of a series of historical facts, regarding which so many writers have given an inadequate or wrong impression, in their accounts of the manner in which the political work of the Reformation in the sixteenth century was wrought out and completed.

It seems to be generally allowed that the religious persecutions of that period were carried on with a savage malignity by the chiefs of either party — the Conservative and the Innovating — as circumstances and changes gave to each the upper hand and power. The only difference in the two cases was, that, whereas the Innovating party clamoured for the right of private judgment,

and so inaugurated the influence of a principle which, carried out, leads naturally to unbelief and atheism, the Conservative party maintained the unchangeableness of the old religion, and claimed for themselves all proper right and legitimate authority to extirpate error and punish the disobedient and rebellious. On their own respective principles, therefore, the supporters of the ancient ecclesiastical system might have had much to urge in defence of their policy; while their opponents—judged by their new principles—could have shown but little or nothing in justification of a policy of cruel persecution.

And yet such a policy was adopted and carried out with very great malignity by the religious Innovators, as the information in this volume indicates.* It may be quite

* The following letter, from a Roman Catholic, is taken from No. 286 of the Harleian Manuscripts, folio 143. It was evidently written immediately prior to the invasion of England by the Spanish Armada, and contains vigorous language, from one who was evidently no friend to the Innovators:—"RIGHT DEERLY BELOVED IN THE LORD,—We pore miserable afflycted people have complayned a long tyme, but not without caus; nether have wee groned without grief, for the persecution of our brethrene hath been grevous, from tim to tim, and dayly like to increas, had not the Lord, off His great mercy and goodnes sterred up the hart of a myghty king to take His quarrell in hand, and to seek by force to cutte down and exterpate the proude and murthering minds of the blody Lutherans and Calvenists,

true that several of the persecutions which took place were avowedly based on political grounds; but few can see that the spirit which has been so commonly, and, it may be, not unjustly, condemned in the case of Pole, Gardiner, and Bonner, lived and energized in those persecutors who had ranged themselves on the Protestant side, and whose many victims find a record in this volume.

The history of the Reformation, it may reasonably be maintained, has yet to be written; for too much of what has hitherto been accepted as gospel on the subject, has turned out, after proof of the most conclusive character, to be little more than fiction. Of old, the statements of "Foxe the Martyrologist," received without question, gave a tone and character to the thought of many succeeding generations, which, only in the present day has undergone quite a revolutionary change. Heylin's Records of the period in question still appear fair and faithful, in comparison with the intricate special-

which seek dai bi dai to crucefy the Lorde anue. God, of His infinit goodnes and mercy, abate the pryd of thes damnable heretickes, so that thereby the Lord may be glorefied in His members. The rest untill our next meeting, in respeckt the tymes ar dayngerous. The xxviijth of July.—Yours, in the Lord. F. B. F."

pleading of Bishop Burnet, the well-known Erastian prelate; but other writers had so implicitly followed Foxe in their general estimate of the policy of the Reformation Conservatives, that, now his statements are generally repudiated, and his conclusions taken *cum grano*, their own lucubrations have little weight. Dod and Lingard have set forth their own side of the historical question with marked impartiality and striking fairness. Froude, in his more recent History, though making a hero of a monster whose true character can never be cleared of its natural blackness, has, at all events, corrected several collateral errors of fact and logic, and given a clue, here and there, to the solution of many historical difficulties which still exist. Moreover, the publication of literary treasures—in the shape of public and private documents, the contributions of learned societies, and the investigations of individual independent authors, have all tended to assist the future historian in making preparation for a religious history of the sixteenth century, which shall do justice to many unjustly-tarnished reputations, and in several cases make the rough places plain.

The Compiler of this volume has, at all events, placed before Church-of-England

people a reliable and interesting record of the sufferings and death of many of our Roman Catholic fellow-Christians. These latter were faithful souls, who loved truth rather than peace, and manfully refused to repudiate their principles in times of the fiercest trial; resolved to go down to the Dark Valley of the shadow of Death, amid woes the most bitter, rather than change one iota of their ancient faith. They merit our warmest admiration and respect.

More than heroes, they were Christian witnesses to the Divine character of the Church Universal. Their names have been cast out as evil; their good deeds disparaged; their intense faith laughed at; their loftiest motives and last hours misrepresented. But they are not less worthy of our admiration. They were Englishmen. They were English Churchmen. They were sufferers for righteousness' sake. Therefore are they surely blessed. May we all be led to see how craftily the enemies of God's eternal and unalterable Truth have put darkness for light, and light for darkness; sweet for bitter, and bitter for sweet; and how successfully souls have been ruined and lost in the process. May we, furthermore, mark what is required on the part of each of us

to bring about once more a good understanding between all portions of the Western Church. Unbelief, ever dangerous, is waxing stronger and bolder in these latter days. May we, therefore, be led to range ourselves on the side of Christianity, and resolve to do nothing to hinder, but everything to promote, the Corporate Reunion of the One Family of Christ—as the one cure for our complicated evils—that there may be, as of old, so, in these latter days, a clear trumpet-voice heard to point out the narrow way to the nations, and a compacted army of united soldiers of the Crucified to withstand the assaults of the enemy, even of the Anti-christ and the Lawless-one.

F. G. L.

6, Lambeth Terrace, London.
St Matthew's Day, 1870.

INTRODUCTION.

WHO knows not that One, well named "the Prince of Peace," once trod this strife-torn world, leaving us an example that we should follow His steps? Yet, which of us has followed them?

Who is there that has not read His divine prayer, that all His adopted children should "be one" in Him; and that, among His immediate disciples, he who was even more nearly and tenderly allied to Him than his fellows,—when his divine Master's course was long ended, and his own fast winding up,—breathed forth again and again the fatherly injunction—

"Little children, love one another!"

Yet, once more we ask, who has laid these charges to heart? and how has Christendom, for the last thousand years, been influenced by them?

The early days of the Church were such as to "sift her as wheat;" and between the faithful of all nations, as companions in tribulation, there was then a double tie of brotherhood; rendering obedience to this supreme command of comparatively easy fulfilment.

Time passed on, and days of peace succeeded those of pagan persecution. The dens and caves, and the upper rooms, whither they resorted for fear of the enemy, were superseded by glorious temples; and the agonised cries to God for help,

or for yet greater powers of faithful endurance, replaced by songs of thanksgiving woven into magnificent liturgies—the external accessories of divine worship worthy of men who had learned from the teaching of Moses and Solomon, and had taken their models from Jerusalem, the cradle of Christianity, as well as from "things in the heavens," respecting which St John had given such glorious revelations.

In these early times of refreshing, no less than in those of conflict and trial, which ever and anon returned to purify the Church, the burden of the song of her enemies continued the same, "See how these Christians love one another!"

Eight hundred years and more beheld her as a rock, unshaken in her fidelity both to her God and to herself. Eight hundred years and upwards bore testimony to her unity, made up as she was of a multitude of all nations and people and tongues. Alas, for the day when that glorious unity was lost, and the long undivided Church was rent asunder, and persecutions, and consequent recriminations, came, not from the hand of the common enemy, but her foes were those of her own household!

It is not with points of doctrine, nor with questions concerning the relative purity of the three great portions of the Christian family, that this little volume has to deal.

Christ's great "law of love" has been more or less broken by all; and thus, each branch of His divided Church respectively should acknowledge

her sin, as the first returning step to ultimate and blessed *reunion*.

It is not by intolerance and persecution that we shall make our brother see, what we may each respectively consider "the error of his ways," nor ourselves recover a long-lost likeness to Him whom we know as "the Prince of Peace." It is not by ever blazoning abroad his misdeeds towards us, while bragging of our own martyrs, as if none other than ours existed, that we shall further the fulfilment of our Master's will, who is that brother's Saviour no less than our own.

An acknowledgment of our evil deeds, and that "we have verily and indeed been guilty towards him," *involves no compromise of principle* in regard to our respective points of faith, while much edification may be derived from the holy lives, and sublime self-sacrifice for conscience' sake, of many saints whom we, in our blind and diabolic intolerance, persecuted even to the death.

The object of the compiler of these brief records is a twofold one—

To hold up a mirror, that we may see ourselves in our hideous deformity, as breakers of this "law of love," puffed up, as we undoubtedly are, with the grossest, because the most unjustifiable, spiritual pride.

It is also to edify the reader with records of the power of faith in many a last conflict, and with exemplifications of the working of that "law of love," enabling the sufferer to forgive the persecutor, who, like a second Cain, imbrued his hands in his brother's blood.

The chronicles of Dr Lingard, Dr Dod, Dr Challoner, Brady, Froude, Hume, Stowe, Butler, Oliver, Burnet, Hallam, and Moran are amongst the sources from whence this compilation has been made; and facts corroborated by such a mass of united testimony may be received as undoubtedly authentic.

The civilization of this nineteenth century precludes, between Christians, the use of the rack, the faggot, or the gallows, the despoiling of goods, and banishment to a foreign soil. Yet the same intolerant spirit that stimulated our forefathers to deeds of infamy, under the cloak of a religious motive, still shows its demon-head in our midst; and we should do well to "look unto the rock whence we were hewn, and to the hole of the pit whence we were digged."

To promote, each in his own little sphere, the reunion of Christendom, should be the object of our highest ambition; a reunion to be gradually effected and perfected by a mutual closer approximation to the doctrines of the primitive and yet undivided Church.

In her three great branches a desire for, and an effort to attain, this reunion is obviously manifest.

The "dry bones in the valley" are already "shaking," ere long to "come together, bone to his bone," so long dead in sympathy, and dead in effort to restore the lost unity.

Oh, let the prayer of the faithful be daily this, "Come from the four winds, O Breath, and breathe upon these slain, that they may live!"

MARTYRS OMITTED BY FOXE:

BEING

Records of Elizabethan and Other Sufferers for their Religion.

In Hallam's "Constitutional History of England," we are told that "the rack seldom stood idle for all the latter part of Queen Elizabeth's reign." The Roman Catholic martyrs under her amounted to no inconsiderable number. Dod reckons them at 191. Milner has raised the list to 204. Fifteen of these, according to him, suffered for denying the Queen's supremacy, 126 for exercising their ministry, the rest for being reconciled to the Roman Church.

Many others died of hardships in prison; many, deprived of their property, were banished, mutilated, condemned to be burnt, and reprieved.

Dr Bridgewater gives the names of about 1200 who had suffered in this manner before the year 1588, that is, before the greatest heat of the persecution, and yet declares that he is far from pretending to have named all, but only such whose

sufferings had come to his knowledge. In this list there are 3 archbishops (2 being of Ireland), 18 bishops (consecrated or elected), 1 abbot, 4 whole convents of religious, 13 deans, 14 archdeacons, 60 prebendaries, 530 priests, 49 doctors of divinity, 18 doctors of the law, 15 masters of colleges, 1 queen, 18 peers, 26 knights, 326 gentlemen, and about 60 peeresses and gentlewomen.

Many of these died in prison, several under sentence of death.

In Stowe's "Chronicles," we find that 4000 peasants were massacred for not accepting Protestantism, under Lord John Russell, in Devonshire; and from two to five thousand, under the Earl of Warwick, in Norfolk.

Hume says that "645 monasteries, 90 colleges, 2374 chantries and free chapels, and 110 hospitals, were ruined under Henry VIII., while the magnificent cathedral of Coventry was, amongst others, annihilated under Edward VI."

The following is a list of the Roman Catholic bishops deprived in the time of Queen Elizabeth. We make the extract from the original "Church History of England," by Dr Dod, published at Brussels, 1739, 2nd vol., p. 6:—

"The Catholic bishops having made a fruitless opposition in favour of their religion, were soon after put to the test of the new Oath of Supremacy." (Fuller, in his Church History, b. 9, p. 59, says that only one bishop conformed himself to the Queen's commands, and was continued in his

place—viz., Anthony Kitchin, *alias* Dunstan of Landaff.) "I was refused by all the bishops, excepting Kitchin of Landaff, whom Camden calls 'the calamity of his see.' The Commissioners proceeded to their deprivation; and they were accordingly displaced about July 1559, and by this means made obnoxious to the penalty of the law. For refusing the oath the first time was deprivation, the second time was a premunire (viz., forfeiture of goods and chattels, and imprisonment during the king's pleasure), the third refusal was high treason. Their fate was various, accordingly as they met with friends at court. Some lived under strict confinement, others were prisoners at large, and I find that three of them went abroad—viz., Scot, of Chester; Pates, of Worcester; and Godwell, of St Asaph.

It was judged a necessary piece of policy not to proceed against them to the utmost severities of the Act, which would have exasperated a party whom they endeavoured to gain over to them by milder methods.

Here follows the list of deprived bishops as given by Dod :—

Canterbury .....Vacant by *Cardinal Poole's* death, succeeded to by Matthew Parker, Dec. 17, 1559.

London .....*Edmund Bonner*, deprived, succeeded by Edmund Grindal, Dec. 21, 1559.

Winchester .....*John White*, succeeded by Robert Horn, Feb. 16, 1560.

Ely .....*Thomas Thirlby*, succeeded by Richard Cox, Dec. 21, 1559.

Lincoln ..... *Thomas Watson*, succeeded by Nicholas Bullingham, Jan. 21, 1559.

Covent. and Lich.... *Ralph Baynes*, succeeded by Thomas Bentham, March 24, 1559.

Salisbury ..... Vacant by *Cardinal Peyto's* death, succeeded by John Jewel, Jan. 21, 1559.

Bathe and Wells..... *Gilbert Bourn*, succeeded by Gilbert Berkley, March 24, 1559.

Exeter..... *James Turberville*, succeeded by William Alley, July 14, 1560.

Norwich..... Vacant by *John Hopton's* death, John Parkhurst, Sept. 1, 1560.

Worcester..... *Richard Pates*, succeeded by Edward Sandys, Dec. 21, 1559.

Hereford..... Vacant by *Robert Purfoy's* death, John Scory, 1559.

Chichester..... Vacant by *John Christopherson's* death, William Barlow, 1559.

Rochester..... ..... Vacant by *Maurice Griffith's* death, Edmund Guest, March 24, 1559.

Oxford ..... Vacant by *Robert King's* death, Hugh Curwin, 1567.

Gloucester..... ... Vacant by *James Brook's* death, Richard Cheney, April 19, 1562.

Peterborough..... *David Poole*, succeeded by Richard Scambler, Feb. 16, 1560.

Bristol..... Vacant by John Holyman's death, Richard Cheney, April 19, 1562.

St David's ..... *Henry Morgan*, succeeded by Thomas Young, Jan. 21, 1559.

Landaff.... ..... ANTHONY KITCHIN, 1559.

Bangor..... Vacant by *William Glyn's* death, Rowland Merrick, Dec. 21, 1559.

St Asaph's..... *Thomas Godwell*, succeeded by Richard Davies, May 21, 1561.

York..... *Nicholas Heath*, succeeded by Thomas Young, Feb. 25, 1561.

Durham..... *Cuthbert Tunstall*, succeeded by James Pilkington, March 2, 1560.

Carlisle ..... *Owen Oglethorp*, succeeded by John Best, March 2, 1560.
Chester..... *Cuthbert Scot*, succeeded by William Downham, May 4, 1561.
Isle of Man ..... *Henry Man*, succeeded by Thomas Stanley, 1559.

For the list of the inferior clergy who underwent the loss of their revenues, and all sorts of persecution and death, see page 318 of Dod's "Church History of England," vol. ii., 1739.

From these statistical accounts we turn to the particular histories of some of the holy men and women, who for conscience' sake were "afflicted and tormented, of whom the world was not worthy."

They are given somewhat at random as regards dates, culled here and there from various accounts, during the time of Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Edward VI., James I., Charles I., and Cromwell, the last, but truly not the least, distinguished as a bloody persecutor.

Intolerance of all religious differences was manifested alike under the monarchical and the republican forms of government; only by far the most wholesale butcheries occurred under the latter, when not a chance of reprieve, purchased at the cost of a betrayal of conscience, was offered to the unhappy children of the Roman communion in Ireland. Certainly, where such chance was given, it was an exception to the general rule. A few of these

exceptional cases will be given at the end of this book, to show that the sufferers under Puritan intolerance died veritable martyrs for the faith they professed, and as such, rendered themselves worthy of our profound respect and imitation.

In the first years of Charles II.'s reign, priest-hunting was a favourite pursuit of the Puritans, who imported *blood-hounds* from America, and trained them to track the fugitives to the mountain caverns.

"The Parliament party," writes Lord Clarendon (Hist. i., p. 215), "had grounded their own authority and strength upon such foundations as were inconsistent with any toleration of the Roman Catholic religion, and even with any humanity to the Irish nation, and more especially to those of the old native extraction; the whole race whereof they had upon the matter sworn to extirpate."

On Cromwell's arrival in Ireland, 1649, he addressed his soldiers in Dublin, bidding them show no mercy to Roman Catholics, but that they should "be dealt with as the Canaanites in Joshua's time"—thus arrogating to himself and his party the authority of Almighty God the Creator, who saw fit to destroy a heathen people, steeped in the most foul and degrading wickedness, as He had a perfect right to destroy also the vile cities of Sodom and Gomorrah.

In a letter of Cromwell's to the Parliament, addressed to the Hon. William Lenthall, the

Speaker, September 17, 1649, he boasts that, in spite of the promised quarter, he himself gave orders that *all* should be put to the sword; and subsequently styles the atrocious and wholesale massacre he had sanctioned, "a righteous judgment of God upon the barbarous wretches; a great mercy vouchsafed to us; a great thing done, not by power or might, but by the Spirit of God!!"

As to the priests who had escaped the general massacre, after the edict of expulsion was passed, some were shut up to die by slow degrees in loathsome dungeons, some tortured and banished, some sent to the West Indies and sold as slaves, and there condemned to work in twisting tobacco and other slave labours. Including laity, from fourteen to twenty thousand are computed to have been sold as slaves.

But time would fail to give an adequate idea of all the atrocities committed under the cloak of religious zeal, and excused in terms of the most odious hypocrisy.

Here follow examples of Protestant intolerance in the reigns of the before-named sovereigns; and the Puritan persecutions shall wind up the terrible story—the story of our breach of the "law of love," the very first principle of Christianity; our watchword and badge, as the faithful followers of "the Prince of Peace."

In speaking of the judicial murder of Campion, Dr Lingard says—"The use of torture was common to most of the European nations; in England it

was employed with the most wanton barbarity." He then refers to Bridgewater and to Strype; he adds, that—"In 1578, Whitgift, bishop of Worcester, and vice-president of Wales, was ordered to employ torture to force answers from Catholics suspected of having heard Mass. (See Strype's Whitgift, 83.) The Catholic prisoner was hardly lodged in the Tower before he was placed on the rack.

"During the reign of Elizabeth, the first victim who suffered hanging and quartering, for the sole exercise of their ministry, was *Thomas Woodhouse.* After him 123 other priests—that is, 113 secular priests, 8 Jesuits, 1 monk, and 1 friar.

"Moreover, 30 men and 2 women were executed as felons, for harbouring and abetting priests, besides numbers of clergymen and laymen who died of their sufferings in prison.

"Generally the court dispensed with the examination of witnesses. By artful and ensnaring questions an avowal was drawn from the prisoner, that he had been reconciled (to the Roman obedience); or had harboured a priest; or had been ordained beyond the sea; or that he admitted the ecclesiastical supremacy of the Pope, or rejected that of the Queen. Any one of these crimes was sufficient to consign him to the scaffold. Life, indeed, was offered on the condition of conformity to the established worship, but the offer was generally refused, and the refusal was followed by death; and the butchery, with very few exceptions, was

performed on the victim while he was yet in perfect possession of his senses." Such is the testimony of Dr Lingard.

Henry VIII. was such a monster of iniquity that atrocities committed in his reign can only appear a matter of course. We shall therefore pass rapidly over two or three of the martyrdoms of which he and his tools were guilty.

The following extracts, from an old black-letter volume of "The Chronicles of England," may be interesting :—

"The xxii. daye of July 1533, was one John Frith, a young man of excellent wyt and learnyng, burned in Smithfield for his opinions conceryning the Sacrament, and with him a yong man called Andrewe Hewet, a tayler's seruant."

The fact of John Frith's having been thus cruelly put to death on account of his *sacramental* views is also recorded by Stow.

And we may here observe that, if a belief in the Real Presence in the Sacrament of the Blessed Eucharist, and an utter denial of the spiritual headship of the Church in the person of any temporal sovereign, be crimes worthy of death, then—but for the civilisation of this nineteenth century—the rack, the faggot, and the gallows would have as much work to do *to-day*, amongst members of the once bloody (though so-called "Reformed") *Church of England*, as it had amongst our English brethren of the Roman faith in the times of which we treat !

In Stow's "Chronicles" we find the following brief account of Friar Forest's martyrdom :—

"Doctor John Forest, a frier obseruant, was apprehended for that in secret confession he had declared to many the King's subjects, that the King was not supreame head of the Church, &c. ; upon this point he was examined, and answered that he tooke his oth with his outwarde man, but his inward man neuer consented thereunto. Then being further accused of diuers hereticall opinions, he submitted himselfe to the punishment of the Church. . . . But when his abjuration was sent him to read, he utterlie refused it. Whereupon he was condemned, and afterward, on a paire of new gallowes set up for that purpose in Smithfield, hee was hanged, by the middle and arme-pits, quicke, and under the gallowes was made a fier, wherewith he was brent and consumed, on the 22 day of May (1538). There was a scaffold set by before the prisoner, whereon was placed Sir Richard Gresham, lord mayor of the citie, the dukes of Norffolke and Suffolke, the lord admiral, the lord priuie seale, and diuers other of the counsell, besides a great number of citizens and others. Also a pulpet was there set, in the which *M. Hugh Latimer, bishoppe of Worcester*, preached a sermon, confuting the frier's errors, and moouing him to repentance, but all auailed not ; so that in the end, when the Bishoppe asked him what state he would die in, the frier with a loud voice answered and sayde that, if an angell should come downe from

heauen, and teach him any other doctrine than he had receiued, and beleeuid from his youth, he would not now beleeue him, and that if his body shoulde bee cut ioynte after ioynte, or member after member, brent, hanged, or what paine soeuer might be doone to his bodie, hee would neuer turne from his olde profession; more he saide to the Byshoppe that seuen yeeres past he durst not have made such a sermon for his life.

"And so he was hanged, and brent, as afore is shewed, and an huge great image named Daruell Gatherm" (the figure of a saint), "hauing beene brought out of Wales to this gallowes in Smithfield, was there brent with the said frier Forest."—(Vol. i. p. 574.)

In Froude's "History of England," we find a still fuller account of Forest. (See vol. iii. p. 291.) We here give an abridged transcription from it:—

"Since the dissolution of his order, in consequence of the affair of the nun of Kent, he had halted between a state of concealed disaffection and pretended conformity.

"In his office of Confessor he was found to have instructed his penitents that, for himself, he had denied the Bishop of Rome in his outward, but not in his inward man; and he had encouraged them, notwithstanding their oath, to persevere in their old allegiance.

"If he had been tried, and had suffered like Sir Thomas Moore by the monks of the charter-house, his sentence would have ranked with theirs. . . .

"When first arrested he was terrified; he acknowledged his offences, submitted, and was pardoned. But his conscience recovered its strength . . . . declared his belief that in matters spiritual the Pope was his proper sovereign, that the Bishop of Rochester was a martyr . . . . in matters secular his duty was to his prince. . . .

"Forest was to be proceeded against for an offence against spiritual truth, as well as against the law of the land, and Cranmer is found corresponding with Cromwell on the articles on which he was to be examined.

". . . . Forest was indicted for heresy in a court where we would gladly believe that Cranmer did not sit as president. He was found guilty, and was delivered over in the usual form to the secular arm. . . .

"A day at the end of May was fixed for Forest's death. Latimer was selected to preach on the occasion. . . . 'If he would yet, with his heart, return to his abjuration' (wrote Latimer to Cromwell), 'I would wish his pardon, *such is my foolishness*' (?) He also adds, 'When Forest shall suffer, I should wish that my stage stood near unto Forest,' going on to say that he might convert him, &c.

"A gallows was erected over the stake, from which the wretched victim was to be suspended in a cradle of chains. When the machinery was complete, and the chips of the idol (Welsh, Saint, Dderfel, Gadern) lay ready, he was brought out and placed upon a platform. The Lord Mayor,

the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk, Lord Southampton and Cromwell, were present with a pardon, if at the last moment his courage should fail. The sermon began. When it was over, Latimer turned to Forest, and asked him whether he would live or die.

"'I will die,' was the gallant answer; 'do your worst upon me. Seven years ago you durst not for your life have preached such words as these. And now, if an angel from heaven should come down and teach me any other doctrine than that which I learnt as a child, I would not believe him. Take me, cut me to pieces, joint from joint; burn, hang, do what you will, I will be true henceforth to my faith.'

"It was enough. He was laid upon his iron bed, slung off into the air, and the flame was kindled. In his mortal agony he clutched at the steps of the ladder, to sway himself out of the blaze; and a pitiless chronicler who records the scene, could see only in this weakness an evidence of guilt!! 'So *impatiently*' (says Hall) 'he took his death, as never any man that put his trust in God.'"

So far Froude.

Another martyr-victim of Henry's, who should not be omitted without a brief notice, is JOHN FISHER, bishop of Rochester, martyred in the eightieth year of his age. He was a learned and devout man—Confessor to the King's grandmother, the Countess of Richmond, and it was believed he persuaded her to the founding of St John's and

Christ's College, Cambridge, and divinity professorships in both. In acknowledgment, he was chosen Chancellor of the University. Henry VII. gave him the bishopric of Rochester, which, according to the rule of the primitive Church, he never would change for a better. He used to say the Church was his wife, and he never would part with her because she was poor. The business of the divorce lost him favour with the King, as he adhered firmly to the Queen's cause, and the Pope's supremacy. The King determined to show no mercy to any denying his being supreme head of the Church. He was imprisoned above a year, and severely used. He complained by letter to Cromwell that he had neither clothes nor fire, being nearly fourscore. The Pope, hearing of his circumstances, declared him a Cardinal, and this precipitated his ruin. Had he kept his views regarding the King's supremacy to himself, it would have been all well. But he would not do that, and so was brought to trial on the 17th of June, and condemned to death. On the 22nd, the day of his execution, he dressed himself with more than ordinary care, and on its being noticed by his servant, he said he was to be a bridegroom that day. As he was led to the place of execution, being stopped on the way by the crowd, he opened his New Testament and prayed to this purpose, "that as that book had been his companion and chief comfort in his imprisonment, so then some place might turn up to him that might comfort him in his last

passage." This being said, he opened the book at a venture, in which these words of St John's turned up: "This is life eternal, to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ, whom Thou hast sent." So he shut the book with much satisfaction, and all the way was repeating and meditating on them. When he came to the scaffold he pronounced the "Te Deum," and after some other devotions his head was cut off.

The last we shall name is (see Burnet's History) Sir THOMAS MORE, beheaded in the 53rd year of his age, for denying the King's supremacy. He was a man of rare virtues and excellent parts. When Cromwell, Bedyll, and others pressed him upon the King's supremacy, he said, "He would not meddle with any such matter, and was fully resolved to serve God, and think upon His passion, and his own passage out of the world." He sent divers messages to Fisher to encourage him, and said, "The Act of Parliament is like a sword with two edges; if a man answer one way, it will confound his soul; if he answer another way, it will confound his body." When Rich pressed him, on the authority of the Parliament, to declare the King's supremacy, he said, "What if Parliament should declare me king, would you not acknowledge me?" "I would," said More; "but what if the Parliament made an act that God was not God?" Rich acknowledged that it could not bind. He received his sentence with that equal temper of mind which he had ever shown, and set himself

wholly to prepare for death. After some time spent in private devotions, he was beheaded, June 6th, 1535.

We now proceed to the sanguinary reign of the so-called "Good Queen Bess."

Lingard, as already observed, states that *Thomas Woodhouse* was the first priest judicially murdered in her reign for the exercise of his vocation; whereas Challoner gives precedence to *Cuthbert Maine*, whom he calls the proto-martyr of Douay College, and of whom we find the following notice in Stow, at p. 681:—"The 30 November, Cuthbert Mayne was drawne, hanged, and quartered at Lawncestone in Cornwall, for preferring Romane power."

But whichever of these good men could claim precedence in the time of their martyrdom, we can only select a few biographies from a very great and glorious multitude, all worthy of notice, and commence with the honoured name of EDMUND CAMPION.

Many, perhaps even the majority, of the Roman priests of those days were persons of good and ancient family; but in the present case he belonged to that of a respectable tradesman.

Edmund Campion was born in London, January 25th, in the year 1540, and educated in Christ Church School (blue coats), where he distinguished himself above all of his standing. His father, Edmund Campion, was a citizen and bookseller of London—in account of which he was chosen to entertain Queen Mary with a Latin oration on her

accession, 1553. He afterwards entered St John's College, Oxford, took his M.A. degree in 1564, and took holy orders according to the Church of England from the hands of Richard Cheney, Bishop of Gloucester, who had encouraged him in his studies. Again he was appointed to make a Latin oration for the Queen, on which occasion he gave even more satisfaction than at first.

His mind, uneasy in respect to his religious convictions, he forsook the English Church when a proctor of the university, and conformed to the Roman faith in the year 1569, thus giving up very fair prospects of advancing himself. After a stay of some time in Ireland, where many persons of distinction became great admirers of his learning and talent, he returned privately to England, from whence he went over to Douay, where he took degrees, became a professor, and went on to Rome.

Of his travels, his professorships, and his writings, we will not speak in this brief sketch of his life and martyrdom. Suffice it to say, that in the year 1580, on the 25th of June, he landed at Dover as a missionary priest, and that some time after he was seized in the house of Edward Yates, Esq., of Lyford, in Berkshire, where he and some others were assembled on the duties of their function. He was carried in triumph through Abingdon, Henley, and Colebrook, with a paper fixed on his hat, bearing his name and his pretended crimes, and was conducted to the Tower.

From both the tongues and the hands of his persecutors he suffered much during his close imprisonment. Several times he was put on the rack, and divines of the Protestant Church were sent to argue with him, Mr Ralph Sherwin, the martyr, assisting him in his replies; but he was soon silenced by the lieutenant of the Tower.

Like so many of his brethren, a few of whom are mentioned in this book, Campion was condemned to die, and was executed at Tyburn, December 1st, 1581. Anthony Wood, the Oxford historian, observes, "All writers, whether Protestants or Popish, say that he was a man of most admirable parts; an elegant orator, a subtle philosopher and disputant; and an exact preacher, whether in English or in the Latin tongue; of a sweet disposition, and a well-polished man." His works are the best proofs of his abilities,—for a list of which see Dod's "Church History of England," vol. ii. pp. 139, 140. For every particular respecting this great man we must refer the reader to Richard Simpson's "History of Edmund Campion."

"In the splash and mud of a rainy December morning," says Simpson, "Campion was brought forth from his cell, clad in the same gown of Irish frieze that he had worn at his trial, and was taken to Coleharber Tower, where he found Sherwin and Briant waiting for him. . . . Outside the Tower a vast crowd was already assembled. Campion, nothing daunted, looked cheerfully around and saluted them: 'God save you all, gentlemen; God

bless you, and make you all good Catholics!' He then knelt and prayed, with his face towards the east. . . .

"There were two hurdles waiting, each tied to the tails of two horses. On one Sherwin and Briant were laid and bound, Campion on the other.

"As they were dragged through the gutters and filth, one gentleman, like Veronica, and in another *via dolorosa*, either for pity or affection, most courteously wiped his face, all spattered with mire and dirt, as he was drawn most miserably through thick and thin. 'For which charity,' says the priest who saw it done, 'or haply some sudden moved affection, God reward him and bless him!'

"The crowd had been gathering all the morning in spite of the rain and wind, and now, when the hurdles were driven up, the clouds divided, and the sun shone out brightly. Sir Francis Knowles, Lord Howard, and Sir Henry Lee, with others, were officially present.

"On putting his head into the halter as commanded, he said in Latin, 'Spectaculum facti sumus Deo, angelis, et hominibus.' These are the words of St Paul, Englished thus, 'We are made a spectacle, or a sight, unto God, unto His angels, unto men; verified this day in me, who am here a spectacle unto my Lord God, a spectacle unto His angels, and unto you men.' Sir Francis Knowles here interrupted him and bade him confess, but he denied all charges of treason, and, in reply to one of the council, said—

"'Well, my lord, I am a "Catholic" man, and a priest; in that faith I have lived, and in that faith do I intend to die. If you esteem my religion treason, then I am guilty; as for other treason, I never committed any; God is my Judge,' &c. He then forgave all, as he desired to be forgiven.

"At the block where his body was cut to pieces, stood a young man named Henry Walpole, also named in this book; and as the hangman was throwing the quarters into the caldron of boiling water, a drop of the bloody mixture splashed out upon his clothes, and he afterwards declared that he at once felt he must confess the same faith."

We cannot refrain from making a few extracts from two of the letters of this holy man, given in Simpson's Biography of him :—

"To the Novices at Brünn :—

"How much I love you in the bowels of Jesus Christ. My dearest brethren, you may conclude from this that in spite of my daily occupations, which scarcely leave me time to breathe, I have managed to steal time from the midst of my functions and cares to write to you. How could I do otherwise directly I heard of a sure messenger to Brünn? How could I help firing up with the remembrance of that house, where there are so many burning souls,—fire in their mind, fire in their body, fire in their words,—the fire which God came to send upon the earth, that it might always burn there? Oh! dear walls that once shut me up in your company; pleasant

recreation room, where we all talked so holily. Glorious kitchen, where the best friends, John and Charles, the two Stephens, Sallitz, Finnit, and George, Tobias and Gaspar fight for the saucepans in holy humility and charity unfeigned. How often do I picture to myself one returning with his load from the farm, another from the market; one sweating stalwartly and merrily under a sack of rubbish, another under some other toil! Believe me, my dearest brethren, that your dust, your brooms, your chaff, your loads, are beheld by angels with joy, and that through them they obtain more for you from God than if they saw in your hands sceptres, jewels, and purses of gold. Would that I knew not what I say; but yet, as I do know it, I will say it; in the wealth, honours, pleasures, pomps of the world, there is nothing but thorns and dirt. The poverty of Christ is less pinching parsimony, less meanness than the emperor's palace. But if we speak of the spiritual food, who can doubt that one hour of this familiar intercourse with God and with good spirits, is better than all the years of kings and princes?

"I have been about a year in religion, in the world thirty-five; what a happy change if I could say, I have been a year in the world, in religion thirty-five! If I had never known any father but the fathers of the society; no brothers but you and my other brothers; no business but the business of obedience; no knowledge but Christ crucified! Would that, at least, I had been as happy as you,

who have entered the vineyard of Christ in the morning of your lives. I almost envy Cantensis and Charles, who have been brought in so young that they can spend their childhood with the Child Jesus; and can grow up with Him, and increase to the perfect fulness of the stature of Christ.

"Rejoice therefore, my brethren, at the good you enjoy, and at the greatness of the honour God has done you. Let the remembrance of this be ever present to you, to resist the devil, the world, the flesh, and the difficulties and storms of all temptations.

"If we are not very stupid and senseless, let us say from our hearts, '*It is no great thing that I should serve God; but it is really a great thing that God should have willed to have me for a servant.*'

"I thank you all most heartily for the extraordinary charity which I experienced when with you, and when away from you by your letters and remembrances, and at my departure as I was setting off; especially I thank Melchoir; and who else is it that I named before?—my dearest brother, my friendly rival, my compeer in the society; but how high above me in merits. His letters gave me, and will give me the greatest pleasure; so did the things he spoke about in his two epistles. I will join with the father rector in drawing up a plan, and after the affair is set in order, I will write out the whole for him, before the feast of the Annunciation, I hope.

"Stephen the Hungarian said that he would write,

but never has written a word. With my whole heart I congratulate George and Charles who have lately made their vows. These are strong chains, my brethren, and most strongly do they bind you to our LORD. Who shall tear you from His hands? Shall this triple cord be broken by that miserable devil, who is so impotent that he could not even drown the swine without leave? Who then is he that should be able to overthrow the image of GOD? Never can he do so, unless we ourselves blot out the image, and conspire with him to our own mischief.

"I have spent a long time in writing to you—is that the first bell for schools? I must leave off; and to-morrow is the feast, when I shall be fully occupied; so I don't think I shall be able to write more; however, I will take the next opportunity.

"I thank my dearest brother Cantensis, whose letter gave me the greatest pleasure; and I thank GOD who has given him so good a mind at his age.

"I received from him the pictures, the Agnus Dei, and the relics of our holy father Ignatius,—a great treasure, for which I return great thanks.

"I salute you all in Christ Jesus, from the bottom of my soul. My last request is that you would humbly beg Father Rector, and Father Aquensis to pardon my long silence; they must ascribe it to my fault, and not to my forgetfulness of their kindness to me. I commend myself to the prayers of you all—Farewell.

"PRAGUE, *Feb. 26th*, 1575."

(Printed by Schmidl, AD. AN. 1575.)

ANOTHER LETTER TO THE NOVICES AT BRÜNN.

"Although the words of men, my dearest brethren, ought to have less weight and influence with you than that spirit, who, without sound of words, whispers in your ears, yet since this work of love is not altogether useless and unnecessary, your charity will cause you to receive this letter, the witness of my love and duty, with your usual kindness. I write not to you as though you required the spur, for wherever you go your hearts are ever set upon every virtue; but that I, while I employ my time in writing to you, may spur myself, and may enjoy the perfume of the remembrance of your affection, and may testify my affection towards you. And I would that, as I speak, and as you perform, so you might speak, and I perform. For I know what liberty there is in obedience, what pleasure in labour, what sweetness in prayer, what dignity in humility, what peace in conflicts, what nobleness in patience, what perfection in infirmity. But the difficulty is, to reduce these virtues to practice. And this is your work, to run over a portion of your earthly course in the chariot of paradise. I, as the poet says, will follow as I can, *non passibus equis*.

"My dearest brethren, our life is not long enough to thank Christ for revealing these mysteries to us. Which of us would have believed, unless He had called him and instructed him in this school, that such thorns, such filth, such misery, such tragedies were concealed in the world under the feigned

names of goods and pleasures? Which of us would have thought your kitchen better than a royal palace,—your crusts better than any banquet,—your troubles better than others' contentment,—your conflicts than their quiet,—your crumbs than their abundance,—your vileness than their triumphs and victories? For I ask you whether, if you could all your lives, as they would like, feed your eyes on spectacles, and changes of scene and company, your eyes would be the stronger? If you fed your ears with news, would they be the fuller? If you gave your mind its lusts, would it be richer? If you fed your body with dainties, could you make it immortal? This is their blunder who are deceived by vanities, and know not what a happy life means. For while they hope and expect great things, they fancy they are making vast progress, and not one in a hundred obtains what he dreamt; and if perchance one obtains it, yet, after making allowance for all his pains, and his loads of care, the slipperiness of fortune, his disgraceful servility, his fears, plots, troubles, annoyances, quarrels, crimes which must always accompany and vex the lovers of the world, he will doubtless find himself to be a very base and needy slave.

"One sigh of yours for heaven is better than all their clamours for this dirt; one colloquy of yours, where the angels are present, is better than all their parties, and debauched drinking bouts, where the devils fill the bowls.

"One day of yours, consecrated to God, is worth more than all their life, which they spend in luxury.

"My brethren, run as you have begun; acknowledge God's goodness to you, and the dignity of your state. Can any pomp of kings or emperors, any grandeur, any pleasure, I will not say equal, but even shadow forth your honour and consolation?

"They (I speak of the good among them) fight under Christ, their King, with their baggage on their back; you are eased of your burdens, and are called, with the beloved disciples, to be familiar followers of your LORD. They are admitted to the palace, you to the presence-chamber; they to the common pasture, you to the choicest banquets; they to friendship, you to love; they to the treasury, you to the special rewards.

"Think what difficulties they have who even live as they ought in this naughty world; then you will more easily see what you owe to His mercy in calling you, out of infinite dangers, into His society. How hard it is for them to follow Christ when He marches forth in haste against His enemies, who have wives in their bosoms, children on their shoulders, lands on their backs, cares on their heads, whose feet are bound with cords, whose spirits are well-nigh smothered.

"Is not your happiness great whom the King marshals by His side, covers with His cloak, clothes and honours with His own livery. What great

thing is it for me to have left friends for Him who left heaven for me? What great thing to me to be a servant to my brethren, when He washed the feet of the traitor Judas? What wonder if I obey my fathers, when He honoured Pilate? What mighty thing to bear labours for Him, when He bore the cross for me? What disgrace if I, a sinner, bear to be rebuked, when He, an innocent, was cursed, spit upon, scourged, wounded, and put to death?

"Whenever we look into the glass, my brethren, we see clearly that the temptation of no pleasure, the fear of no pain, should pluck us from the arms of such a Master.

"You see I have nearly filled my paper, though I have plenty to do; it is time to check myself, and to remit you to that Teacher who, by His sacred influences, can impress these things, much more strongly than I can, on your minds.

"Hear Him! for He hath the words of eternal life. For my part, I kiss, not you only, but the prints of your footsteps; and I beg you to give a poor needy wretch an alms of the crumbs that fall from your table.

"PRAGUE, *Feb.* 19*th*, 1577."

"The unchequered life of Campion at Brünn and Prague has been chronicled with greater minuteness by his Bohemian brethren, than his short agony in England by his own countrymen. These historians reckon the one great glory of the novi-

tiate in those two places to have been the preparation of Edmund Campion for his martyrdom. They tell us that, before he left Brünn, he was warned of the death he was to die." See Simpson's Biography.)

Dr Lingard says that Campion was racked four times, and that "he was kept on that engine of torture till it was thought he had expired."

In Richard Simpson's Biography we find considerable mention of this holy young man's sufferings. The torments he endured in the Tower were duly entered in the diary of Edward Rishton, his fellow-prisoner. Also, Norton, one of the Queen's commissioners, alludes to his tortures, and that he had been "pulled one foot longer than ever God made him," &c., in a letter he wrote to Walsingham. (See History of Campion, by Simpson, published by Williams & Norgate, Covent Garden).

In the "Annales or General Chronicle of England, by Maister John Stow, 1615," we find the following notice of Campion and other fellow-martyrs, of some of whom will be given a somewhat fuller history in this book.

"On the 20th of November, Edmund Champion, Jesuit, Ralfe Sherwine, Lucas Kerbie, Edward Rishton, Thomas Coteham, Henrie Orton, Robert Johnson, and James Bosgrave, were brought to the high bar at Westminster, where they were severally and altogether indicted upon high treason. . . . This laid to their charge they boldly denied, but by a iuri they were approoved guiltie, and had

iudgement to bee hanged, bowelled, and quartered. The 1st of December, Edmund Champion, Jesuit, Ralfe Sherwine, and Alexander Brian, seminary priests, were drawne from the Tower of London to Tyborne, and there hanged, bowelled, and quartered (1581). John Paine, priest, being indicted of high treason, for some words spoken by him to one Eliot, was arraigned and condemned at Chelmsford on the last of March, and was then executed on the 2nd day of Aprill. On the 28th day of May, Thomas Ford, John Shert, and Robert Johnson, priests, having been before indicted, arraigned, and condemned for high treason intended, as yee have heard of Champion and others, were drawne from the Tower to Tyborne, and there hanged, bowelled, and quartered. And on the 30th, Luke Kirby, William Filby, Thomas Cottam, and Laurence Richardson, were for the like treason in the same place likewise executed" (p. 694).

In Dod's "Church History of England," vol. ii. p. 115, we find an account of the martyrdom of Mr Thomas Cottam (or Coteham, as Stow spells the name), born in Lancashire "of sufficient parents, capable of affording him a liberal education." He studied at Brazen-nose College, Oxford, and was made Bachelor of Arts, March 23rd, 1568. Afterwards he took the direction of a noted free school, where he privately entered the Roman communion, and his conscience forbidding a mere occasional conformity, he went to Rheims, made

to Rome, where he continued his studies at the English college. The climate not agreeing with him, he returned to Rheims, where he was priested and sent to England with Mr Hart and Mr Rishton. Landing at Dover about June 16th, he was at once seized by priest-catchers, who watched for the landing of their prey at sea-port towns.

Mr Ely, a doctor of civil and canon law, and a professor in Douay, happening to be at Dover, and being acquainted with the person who took charge of Cottam, promised to see him conducted to London, and that he should appear when required; meaning to give him a chance of escape. This happened, according to his charitable wish. But shortly after the man first charged with Cottam, finding he had not made his appearance before the Secretary of State, found out Dr Ely's lodgings, and told him that, unless the prisoner should appear, he and his family would be utterly ruined. Hearing of this, Mr Cottam generously delivered himself up to his keeper, and after an examination, was committed to the Tower. He was tried together with Campion, Sherwin, and others, November 20th, 1581, and condemned; but was reprieved from time to time, at the intercession of several friends. At last, however, the warrant was signed, and he suffered at Tyburn, May 30th, 1582, with Luke Kirkby, William Filby, and Lawrence Richardson.

Even when the rope was about his neck, the sheriff offered him a reprieve, on his submission;

and misunderstanding his reply, it was being taken off and orders given for his descent from the cart. At this moment, looking up, Mr Cottam saw Richardson turned off; upon which he cried out, "Sweet Jesus receive thy soul, and my dear Lawrence, forget me not in thy prayers!"

Being now standing on the ground, those in office addressed him, as Dod says, "with many kind and soothing speeches," expecting he would make some kind of confession and renounce his faith. They also said they believed he had only come to England to recover his health, as he appeared far gone in consumption. Apprised of their design, and that they had misunderstood his meaning, he "raised his voice with a kind of holy indignation, and protested that he would rather lose a thousand lives, than depart the least tittle from the doctrine of the Catholic Church.

Upon this the sheriff declared him an obstinate and incorrigible fellow; and causing a gap to be made in the crowd, showed him the hanging-man cutting open and quartering one of his companions. At this terrible spectacle, Mr Cottam, looking up, exclaimed, "Lord, have mercy upon him! What a dismal spectacle is this! Lord Jesus, strengthen me, and grant me grace to persevere to the end of this trial."

Once more he was pushed up into the cart, and despatched at once. "On stripping him, they found he wore a hair shirt; and that what with his distemper, and the hardships of the prison,

and what with the cruelties of the rack, which he had several times undergone, his body was almost become a skeleton."

Challoner gives an account of this martyr in the "Lives of Missionary Priests," as does also Dr Lingard, who says, quoting from Rishton's Diary, that Cottam, like his brother martyrs, was cruelly tortured. Among others used, he observes, "Cottam bled profusely from the nose, after compression in the Scavenger's Daughter."

In case the reader should not understand the nature of the torture, he must suppose the victim to be placed in a kneeling posture, the tormentor then kneels on his shoulders to press them down to his knees, and putting an iron hoop under his legs (shins), he fastens the ends as tightly as they can be drawn across his back. The victim was usually left thus bound for an hour and a half, during which time the blood burst from the nose, ears, and mouth and eyes, from the unnatural position and compression.

A reference to Dr Challoner will supply various other particulars in regard to the holy man of whom we now speak. He says that Cottam was long confined in the Tower, and racked; and when the cart supporting Mr Richardson, his fellow-sufferer, under the gallows was drawn away, he cried out, "O good Lawrence, pray for me. Lord Jesus receive thy soul!" which he repeated several times. And that when the sheriff and people around him sought to make him abjure his faith to gain

his life—the rope being then about his neck—he replied,—

"I will not swerve a jot from my faith for anything; yea, if I had ten thousand lives, I would rather lose them all than forsake the Catholic faith in any point;" on which the sheriff cried, "Despatch him, since he is so stubborn."

"Looking back on Mr Richardson, who was then in quartering," continues Challoner, "he said, 'Lord Jesus, have mercy upon them; O Lord, give me grace to endure to the end; Lord, give me constancy to the end!' Which saying he uttered almost for all the time that Richardson was in quartering, saving once that he said, 'Thy soul pray for me!' and at the last he said, 'O Lord, what a spectacle hast Thou made unto me!' which he repeated twice or thrice."

Then the head of Richardson was held up, and the executioner said, as was the custom, "God save the Queen." To which Cottam said, "I beseech God to bless her and save her as my Sovereign Queen," &c. They willed him to say, "and supreme head in matters ecclesiastical."

To whom he answered, "If I would have put in those words, I had been discharged almost two years since."

Afterwards he uttered the words in Latin, "In Thee, O Lord, have I hoped; let me not be confounded for ever"—and again, in Latin, "O Lord, Thou hast suffered more for me!" three times repeating "*plura*"—more.

He then added more, wishing well to the Queen, and said that all he did here suffer was "for saving his soul;" desiring "Almighty God, for His sweet Son's sake, that He would vouchsafe to take him to His mercy,"—for that, "Him only he had offended." To this he added other prayers, and was in the middle of his "Ave," when the fatal cart was drawn away.

Lewis, of Grenada, gives an account of his death from an eye-witness. So Challoner tells us.

The next martyr, of whom we would give some account, is Mr WILLIAM HART, admitted as a student at Oxford, A.D. 1572.

Dod, in his "Church History of England," vol. ii., speaks of him at page 102 and 105; and states of him that "he was generally allowed to be a person of singular parts and piety, and not inferior to Campion, either as to his pen, or fluency of discourse. He was also very desirable and diverting in conversation; an instance whereof we meet in one of his letters, a little before he suffered. He writes to a friend, that he was in hopes of laying out his substance on a very valuable purchase; and that the day was appointed when the bargain was to be sealed." "And if," says he, "neither the gallows nor the rope fails me, nor, what I mostly suspect, my own unworthiness deprives me of it, I am in a fair way of being master of it."

"Several of his letters are extant and print,

which," says Dod, "discover his extraordinary zeal and resolution. In one, he adviseth all Catholics either not to appear at his execution, or to behave themselves with Christian courage on that occasion." In another, "he prescribes a form of prayer to his little flock, which he desires they will make use of to obtain for him the grace of perseverance; and that he may be able to carry off the prize he is running for." He wrote about ten letters to different persons, which are all made public. Dr Lingard says, that he was chained five days to the floor of his prison, and led to the rack from thence.

A more particular account of that is given by Dr Challoner, with some extracts from his letters, which we here subjoin.

Dr Challoner states that he was born in the city of Wells, Somersetshire, and when at Lincoln College, Oxford, his happy genius and great talents were admired. Disliking the religion and manners of Oxford, he went to Douay to pursue his studies there; and from thence to Rheims. He was then labouring under a terrible internal disease; and after trying other means, his physicians declared that there was no remedy for him but a surgical operation.

In the hope of prolonging his life for the purpose of devoting it to God's service, he consented; and offered up his sufferings as a penance for his sins; undergoing them with great courage. During the operation, his soul was so fixed in

God by prayer, that he scarcely seemed to notice it, to the great astonishment of the surgeon and others.

After his recovery he was sent to Rome, and thence to England after his ordination. He laboured diligently and successfully in his vocation in Yorkshire; for besides a singular piety towards God, a great love for his neighbours, and an extraordinary zeal for the Roman Catholic faith, his behaviour was so winning as to make him agreeable to all, and his eloquence (for which he was called another Campion), joined to his extraordinary gift in preaching, easily made his way to the hearts of his hearers. His devotion to the tremendous Mysteries was so great, he was often observed to shed abundance of tears.

His charity towards numbers of poor Roman Catholics that were prisoners for conscience' sake, was remarkable; who, in York especially, were daily perishing through the many incommodities of their imprisonment, and the barbarity of their keepers. These he daily visited, refusing no labour, fearing no danger, for their comfort; encouraging them to suffer with patience, procuring them any assistance in his power, hearing their confessions, and administering to them the Sacraments.

The night Mr Lacy and others were apprehended, who had been assisting at Mass in York Castle, Hart was one of the company. He escaped with difficulty; but within six months he fell into the hands of the persecutors, who rushed into his

chamber the night after Christmas-day, when he was in bed and asleep, and seized upon him.

After an examination by the High Sheriff, and then by the Lord President of the North, he was sent a prisoner to the Castle ; where he was lodged in a dungeon, which was his only chamber to his dying day. And as he could not help showing by his countenance, and his words, his great joy in suffering for such a cause, they loaded him with double irons, on St John's Day, to tame his courage; but all in vain. In proportion as he suffered for his faith, he found still greater consolation in Christ.

During his confinement, he had several conferences with Protestant ministers in York, Dean Hutton, Mr Bunny, Mr Pace, and Mr Palmer. At the bar the judge asked him why he had left his native country, and how he had been employed since his return,—to which he replied that it was to acquire virtue and learning ; that he took holy orders, being called by a certain impulse from God ; that renouncing the world, he might be more at liberty to serve God ; and that his time in England had been spent in instructing the ignorant and administering the Sacraments. In reply to their charge of treason, he said his obedience to the Pope in spiritual matters, was in no way inconsistent with his allegiance to the Queen. In vain his protestations of perfect innocence ; he was condemned to die, as in cases of high treason.

He received the sentence with a full acquiescence

in the Divine will; using those words of Job—"The Lord hath given, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord"—adding that he was in good hopes that now a short time would put an end to his mortal life, and all its miseries; to be succeeded by true and everlasting joys.

The last six days before execution he prepared himself by a rigorous fast (Dod, in his "Church History of England," says, "Only upon bread and water, with now and then an apple"), spending whole nights in meditation and prayer. He took leave of his fellow-prisoners, earnestly entreating them at his last conflict, and thanked his chief gaoler for his kindness, though he had little or none to acknowledge,—and while drawn on a hurdle to the place of execution, he was met by Mr Bunny and Mr Pace, who tormented him, loading him with injurious reproaches. After a few replies, he said, "Good Mr Pace, be so kind as to let me be quiet this short time I have to live;" this he several times repeated. Then, looking up to heaven, he began the Psalm, "Ad te levavi oculos meos."

According to the sentence, he was thrown off the ladder, cut down alive and quartered, and in spite of the Lord Mayor and Magistrates, fragments of the Confessor's bones or clothing were carried off as relics, so great was the veneration of the Roman Catholics, both for his virtues, and the cause for which he suffered. The execution took

place at York, March 15th, 1583. Mr Wood (a Protestant himself) in his "Athenæ Oxon," page 24, says, "This Mr Hart was hanged, drawn, and quartered, for being a Roman priest."

In Dr Bridgewater's "Concertatio," some of Hart's letters have been published. In these he exhorts the prisoners for conscience' sake to neglect no opportunity of receiving the Sacraments, as a most powerful means of divine grace; lamenting that he himself was deprived of the benefit, no priest being allowed to come near him.

The following is a letter to his mother:—

"MOST DEAR AND LOVING MOTHER,—Seeing that by the severity of the laws, by the wickedness of our times, and by God's holy ordinance and appointment, my days in this life are cut off,—of duty and conscience I am bound (being far from you in body, but in spirit very near you), not only to crave your daily blessing, but also to write these few words to you. You have been a most loving, natural, and tender mother to me; you have suffered great pains in my birth and bringing me up; you have toiled and turmoiled to feed and sustain me, your first and eldest child; and, therefore, for these and all other your motherly cherishings, I give you most humble and hearty thanks, wishing that it lay in me to show myself as loving, natural, and dutiful a son, as you have showed yourself a most tender and careful mother. But I cannot express my love, show my duty, declare

my affection, testify my good-will towards you, so little am I able to do, and so much I think myself bound unto you. I had meant this spring to have seen you, if God had granted me my health and liberty; but now never shall I see you, nor any of yours in this life again; trusting yet in heaven to meet you, to see you, and to live everlastingly with you.

"Alas! sweet mother, why do you weep?—why do you lament?—why do you take so heavily my honourable death? Know you not that we are born once to die, and that always in this life we may not live? Know you not how vain, how wicked, how inconstant, how miserable this life of ours is? Do you not consider my calling, my estate, my profession? Do you not remember that I am going to a place of all pleasure and felicity—why then do you weep? Why do you mourn?—why do you cry out? But perhaps you will say, I weep not so much for your death, as I do for that you are hanged, drawn and quartered. My sweet mother, it is the favourablest, honourablest, and happiest death that ever could have chanced unto me. I die not for knavery, but for verity; I die not for treason, but for religion; I die not for any ill-demeanour or offence committed, but only for my faith, for my conscience, for my priesthood, for my blessed Saviour Jesus Christ; and to tell you truth, if I had ten thousand lives, I am bound to lose them all, rather than to break my faith, to lose my soul, to offend my God.

"We are not made to eat, drink, sleep, to go bravely, to feed daintily, to live in this wretched vale continually; but to serve God, to please God, to fear God, and to keep His commandments; which, when we cannot be suffered to do, then rather must we choose to lose our lives, than to desire our lives.

"Neither am I alone in this kind of suffering; for there have of late suffered twenty, or twenty-two priests, just, virtuous, and learned men, for the self-same cause for the which I do now suffer. You see Mr James Fenn and John Bodie are imprisoned for religion; and I daresay they are desirous to die the same death which I shall die.

"Be contented, therefore, good mother; stay your weeping, and comfort yourself that you have born a son that has lost his life and liberty for God Almighty's sake, who shed His most precious blood for him.

"If I did desire or look for promotion, credit, or estimation in this world, I could do as others do; but alas! I pass not for this trish-trash. I contemn this wretched world, I detest the pleasures and commodities thereof, and only desire to be in heaven with God, where I trust I shall be, before this my last letter come to you.

"Be of good cheer, then, my most loving mother, and cease from weeping, for there is no cause why you should do so. Tell me, for God's sake, would you not be glad to see me a bishop, a king, or an emperor? Yes, verily, I daresay you would. How

glad then may you be to see me a martyr, a saint, a most glorious and bright star in heaven. The joy of this life is nothing, and the joy of the after-life is everlasting; and therefore thrice happy may you think yourself that your son William is gone from earth to heaven, and from a place of misery to a place of all felicity.

"I wish I were near to comfort you; but because that cannot be, I beseech you, even for Christ Jesus' sake, to comfort yourself.

"You see how God hath brought me up, how He hath blessed me many ways; a thousand times then, unhappy should I be, if for His sake I should not lose this miserable life, to gain that blessed and eternal life wherein He is.

"I can say no more, but desire you to be of good cheer, because I myself am well. If I had lived, I would have holpen you in your age, as you have holpen me in my youth. But now I must desire God to help you, and my brethren, for I cannot. Good mother, be contented with that which God hath appointed for my perpetual comfort; and now, in your old days, serve God after the old Catholic manner; pray unto Him daily, beseech Him heartily to make you a member of His Church, and that He will save your soul; for Jesus' sake, good mother, serve God. Read that book that I gave you, and die a member of Christ's Body, and then one day we shall meet in heaven by God's grace.

"Recommend me to my father-in-law, to my

brethren, to Andrew Gibbon's mother, and to Mrs Bodie, and all the rest. Serve God, and you cannot do amiss. God comfort you! Jesus save your soul, and send you once to heaven. Farewell, good mother, farewell ten thousand times.

"Out of York Castle, the 10th of March 1583. Your most loving and obedient son,

"WILLIAM HART."

[For further particulars respecting this good man, see "Collections Illustrative of the History of the Catholic Religion in Cornewall and Devon," &c. By the Very Rev. George Oliver, D.D. Published by Ch. Dolman, New Bond Street, London, 1857. Also Dr Dod, vol. ii. p. 145.]

THOMAS SHERWOOD was born in London of pious and Catholic parents, and by them brought up in the faith and fear of God. He went over to the English College in the university of Douay, in Flanders, where his name is entered in the diary of the house, as a student, 1576. Not long after this he returned to London in order to settle his affairs, and procure money to help him to carry on his studies.

Whilst in London he frequented the house of Lady Tregony, a virtuous Catholic. Her son Martin's faith and manners were widely distant from those of his mother; and, suspecting that Mass was sometimes privately said in the house, as he imagined, by means of Mr Sherwood, he con-

ceived an implacable hatred to him; and one day, meeting him in the street, he cried out, "Stop the traitor!" and caused him to be apprehended. Nothing could be laid to his charge, excepting that Mr Tregony suspected him of being a "Papist;" and, after examining him as to his religion, the magistrate asked his views concerning the Queen's Church-headship, to which he replied that he did not believe her to be the head of the Church of England, and that this pre-eminence belonged to the Pope. Upon this he was cast into a dungeon in the Tower, and his lodgings were plundered of some £20 or £30, and other valuables. In the Tower he was most cruelly racked, in order to make him discover where he had heard Mass; but he suffered all their tortures with a greatness of soul not unequal to that of the primitive martyrs, and could not be induced to betray, or bring any man into danger.

After this he was thrust into a dark, filthy hole, where he endured very much from hunger, stench, and cold, and the general want of all things, no one being allowed to visit him, nor to bring him any comfort; insomuch that when Mr Roper, son-in-law to Sir Thomas More, had, by means of another prisoner, conveyed to his keeper some money for his use, it was returned next day, the Lieutenant of the Tower not suffering him to have the benefit of it. All he could be prevailed on to do was to lay out sixpence for a little fresh straw for him to lie upon.

After about six months' suffering in this manner, with invincible patience, and gloriously triumphing over chains, dungeons, and torments, during which he often repeated these words—"Lord Jesu! oh, I am not worthy that I should suffer these things for Thee! much less am I worthy of those rewards which Thou hast promised to give to such as confess Thee"—he was brought out to his trial, and condemned to die for denying the Queen's supremacy.

He was executed according to sentence; being hung, cut down whilst he was yet alive, dismembered, bowelled, and quartered.

He suffered at Tyburn, February 7th, 1578. (See Dod's "Church History of England," vol. ii. p. 156; also, Dr Challoner's "Missionary Priests," vol. i. 51).

In John Stow's "Annales and Chronicles of England," we find, at p. 684, the following entry:—

"The 7th of Februarie (1578), one named Sherewood was drawne from the Tower of London to Tyborne, and there hanged, bowelled, and quartered."

And here it may be well to point out the fact, that the atrocities committed upon these good men cannot be laid wholly to the secular power, but that the Church of England, as represented by her clergy and bishops, was not only a consenting party, but aided and abetted the breach of Christ's

great "law of love," and that not by mere hard speeches, but by force of cruel deeds, and the infliction of barbarous bodily torments.

In Froude's "History of England," vol. vii. pp. 418, 419, we find the following evidence in proof of the above statement:—

"*July* 1562. Sir Edward Warner was directed to cause the bishops, now prisoners in the Tower, to be more straitly shut up, as that they might not have such common conference as they used to have. The laws against persons attending Mass were set in force more strictly.

"At the beginning of September, Grindal and Coxe, *two prelates, suggested the use of torture as a fitting* (?) *means of obtaining evidence.*"

To this statement is appended the following note, on the same page:—

"On a search of Lady Carew's house, neither the priest nor any of his auditors, not even the kitchen-maid, would tell anything. Some thought that if the priest were put to some kind of torment, and so driven to confess what he knoweth, he might gain the Queen's Majesty a good mass of money!" (From the Bishop of London and Ely to the Council, September 13. "Burleigh Papers," vol. i.)

Mr Thomas Clifton was a native of Kent, and priest of Douay College; of him Mr Rushton (1, 3, "*De Schismate*," p. 320) writes as follows; that, "he suffered for some months so much by cold,

hunger, and the load of his chains, in a dungeon amongst felons, that his being still alive seemed almost a miracle.

"This man, when, of late, he was led through the streets, loaded with heavy irons, to the bar, in company with thieves—his companions sighing, and almost all the people moved to commiseration, —he alone was cheerful, and dragged his chains along with a smiling countenance. And when one asked him why he, more than the rest, should laugh, he answered—'Because I look for greater gain than they from my sufferings; and it is just they should laugh who win.'

"He was condemned to perpetual imprisonment; and immediately on hearing the sentence, he fell upon his knees, and with hands and eyes lifted up to heaven, said, 'Allelujah, Allelujah!' He was sent back to Newgate, and there had his hands, feet, and neck chained in such sort, that he could neither sit down, nor stir out of his place all the day; and every night he was put down into a horrid and darksome dungeon."—"Douay Diary," 1581.

Mr John Cooper, a hopeful young man of good family, brought up under Dr Nicholas Harpsfield, whom he constantly attended as his amanuensis, designed to leave England for the sake of his religion, and to follow his studies abroad. Having gathered together his money for that purpose, he started, and was stopped at the sea-side on his

design being known, and sent back to London; where he was plundered, and made a prisoner in Bechearn Tower. Here, partly through hunger and cold, and partly through the nastiness and stench of the place, he contracted a disease, by which he appeared disturbed in the head and delirious. This being told to the Lieutenant of the Tower, he ordered his bed to be taken away, which some friends had sent him in, that he might lie for the future upon the bare floor, which addition to his former sufferings brought him quickly to his end; and for a token that he perished through their barbarous usage, when they pulled off his slippers in order to bury him, his flesh stuck to them, and came off by pieces from the bones. (See Dod's "Church History of England," vol. ii. p. 164; also Dr Bridgewater's "Concertatio Ecclesiæ Catholicæ.")

In Stow's Chronicles we find John Cooper's name among those of the two Heywoods and Dolman, and various gentlewomen; who, with their families, were apprehended, and suffered the penalties due to having attended the celebration of Mass.

"The 4th of Aprill (1574) being Palme Sunday, there was taken saying of Masse in the L. Morleies house, within Oldgate of London, one Albon Dolman, priest; and the Lady Morley, with her children and divers others were also taken, hearing of the said Masse. There was also taken, ye same day and house, for saying Masse at the Lady Gilford's

in Trinitie Lane one Oliver Heywood priest, and for hearing of the said Masse the said Lady Gilford with divers other gentlewomen. There was also taken at the same instant in the Lady Browne's house in Cow Lane for saying Masse one Thomas Heywood priest, and one John Cooper priest, with the Lady Browne, and divers others were likewise taken, being hearers of the said Masse; all which persons were for the same offences indicted, convicted, and had the law, according to ye statute, in that case provided. There was also found in their several chappels divers Latine bookes, beads, images, palmes, chalices, crosses, vestments, pixes, paxes, and such like." (See p. 677.)

Ralph Sherwine was born in Derbyshire, at Rodesley, near Longford, and brought up at Exeter College, Oxford, where he became a fellow, 1568. Proceeding in arts, he was made senior of the act, celebrated July 26th the same year, being accounted an acute philosopher, and an excellent Græcian and Hebrician. He left the University in 1575, and with it the Protestant religion, which did not sit easy on his conscience, and went to Douay, to the Seminary, and, after some years' study of divinity, was priested by the Bishop of Cambray, March 23rd, 1577.

The same year he accompanied Mr Rishton to Rome (who was afterwards condemned with him), where he studied till 1580.

He then returned homewards by way of Rheims,

intending to accompany Dr Goldwell, Bishop of St Asaph, on his way to England to administer confirmation to the Roman Catholics; but the bishop falling sick, Mr Sherwine went forward without him, and occupied himself with all the duties of his priesthood with zeal and charity; and soon after was taken, in Mr Roscarroke's chamber in London, and committed to the Marshalsea, where he lay night and day in a great pair of shackles, for the space of a month.

In the November after his imprisonment, there came word from the Knight Marshal to the keeper of the Marshalsea, to understand of him, "whether there were any papists in his prison that would maintain their cause by disputation, for that they should send him such questions as they would defend subscribed with their hands, and make themselves ready to dispute, &c."

This motion was well liked by the prisoners; and Mr Sherwine and two other priests, afterwards condemned with him, Mr John Hart, and Mr Bosgrave, offered themselves, and prepared and sent in the questions.

But the very day before they should have disputed, Sherwine was removed to the Tower, where he was at sundry and several times examined and racked.

In his first racking he was asked where his brother priests, Campion and Parsons, were; whether he had said Mass in Mr Roscarroke's chamber, &c.; after which first racking he was set out in a great

snow, and laid upon the rack, and the gentleman in whose chamber he was taken was kept hard by in a dark corner, to hear his pitiful groans.

After his second racking he remained in a kind of swoon or trance for nearly a week. On Midsummer's day, 1581, he was called before the lieutenant of the Tower, and asked whether he would go to the service of the "Common Prayer," which he refused to do; upon which he was threatened with the penalty according to the late statute.

The order of his life during his imprisonment, in his spare diet, continual prayer and meditation, long watching, frequent and sharp discipline upon his body, caused great admiration to his keeper, who would always call him "a man of God, and the best and devoutest priest he had ever seen in his life."

After his condemnation, he wrote to his friends in the following terms. (We only make extracts from his letter):—

". . . . Truth it is I hoped ere this, casting off this body of death, to have kissed the precious glorified wounds of my sweet Saviour, sitting in the throne of His Father's own glory; which desire, as I trust, descending from above, hath so quieted my mind, that since the judicial sentence proceeded against us, neither the sharpness of death hath much terrified me, nor the shortness of life much troubled me. My sins are great, I confess; but I flee to God's mercy. My negligences are

without number, I grant; but I appeal to my Redeemer's clemency. I have no boldness but in His blood; His bitter passion is my only consolation. It is comfortable that the prophet hath recorded that 'He hath written us in His hands.' Oh that He would vouchsafe to write Himself in our hearts! How joyful should we then appear before the tribunal seat of His Father's glory! the dignity whereof, when I think of, my flesh quaketh, not sustaining, by reason of mortal infirmity, the presence of my Creator's Majesty.

"Our Lord perfect us to that end whereunto we were created, that leaving this world, we may live in Him, and of Him, world without end. It is thought that upon Monday or Tuesday next we shall be passible. God grant us humility, that we, following His footsteps, may obtain the victory."

Clarke the minister, who stood hard by, and his fellow-ministers, said his words could not come from a guilty conscience. Out of his last letter to his uncle we extract the following words:—

". . . . God forgive all injustice, and if it be His blessed will to convert our persecutors, that they may become professors of His truth! Prayers for my soul procure me, my loving patron; and so having great need to prepare myself for God, never quieter in mind, nor less troubled towards God, binding all my iniquities up in His precious wounds, I bid you farewell. . . . . God grant us both His grace and blessing until the end; that,

living in His fear, and dying in His favour, we may enjoy one another for ever. Without troubling you further, my sweetest benefactor, farewell.—On St Andrew's day, 1581."

After his friend Mr Campion was executed, and the butchery finished, the hangman, taking hold of Mr Sherwine with his hands, all bloody, said, thinking to terrify him, "Come, Sherwine, take thou also thy wages." But the holy man, nothing dismayed, embraced him with a cheerful countenance, and reverently kissed the blood that stuck to his hands; at which the people were very much moved. Then getting into the cart he employed much time in prayer and contemplation—his eyes shut, his hands lifted to heaven. After which he asked if the people looked for any speech from him. Many of them, including the more respectable sort, answering "yes," he began by rendering thanks to the Holy Trinity for the mercies and blessings bestowed on him, and then commenced an account of his faith, when he was stopped by Sir Francis Knowles, who bade him to confess his treason. Denying it, he said, "I have no occasion to tell a lie; it is a case where my soul is at stake;" and added that, "although in this short life he was to undergo the infamy and punishment of a traitor, he made no doubt of his future happiness through Jesus Christ, in whose death, passion, and blood he only trusted."

He then made a prayer, acknowledging the imperfection, misery, and sinful wretchedness of

his own nature, protesting his innocence of any traitorous practices, and that his only design in going out of this realm was only for his soul's health. He then added, "I forgive all who, either by general presumption or particular error, have procured my death. . . . Yea, for Elizabeth, Queen, I now this instant pray my Lord God to make her His servant in this life, and, after this life, co-heir with Jesus Christ."

He died patiently, constantly and mildly crying, "Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, be to me a Jesus!" (See "Memoirs of Missionary Priests," by the Rev. Richard Challoner, Bishop.)

Sherwine is mentioned by Dod in his "Church History of England," vol. ii. p. 130, also by Stow in his "Chronicles."

In Dr Oliver's "Collections," before referred to, at p. 247, we find the name of ALEXANDER BRIANT; by Dr Challoner called Brian. Dr Dod says he was of Somersetshire,—the others of Dorsetshire,—and studied for a while in Hart Hall, Oxford; but not liking the religion of the times, he went to Douay, 1576. Here, and at Rheims, he studied, and was afterwards ordained priest, and sent back to England, 1579; where he reconciled to the Roman obedience an old gentleman, father to Robert Parsons, S. J. About the 28th of April 1581, he was apprehended in his chamber at midnight, by Norton, his chamber rifled, and £3, in money, taken from him ("for that is a principal verb in all apprehensions of Catholics," says an

eye-witness of his death, who published an account of it, 1582); his apparel and other things, especially a trunk wherein was a silver chalice, and much other good stuff, which was not his, but committed to his custody, was also taken away; and he sent close prisoner to the counter, with commandment to stop all that asked for him; and that he should have neither meat nor drink; who in such order continued till he was almost famished. At last, by friendship he got a pennyworth of hard cheese, and a little broken bread, with a pint of strong beer, which brought him into such an extreme thirst, that he essayed to catch the drops of rain in his hat from the house-eaves, but could not reach them. The morrow after, he was taken to the Tower, where he thought he should have been utterly famished; and so carried with him a little piece of his hard cheese, which, on searching him, his keeper found; but Mr Brian humbly entreated him not to take it from him. Two days after, he was brought before Norton and Dr Hammond, who examined him after their common manner. And because he would not confess where he had seen Father Parsons, where he had said Mass, whose confessions he had heard, &c., they caused needles to be thrust under his nails; whereat Mr Brian was not moved at all, but with a constant mind and pleasant countenance, said the Psalm *Miserere*, desiring God to forgive his tormentors. Whereat Dr Hammond stamped and stared, as a man half-beside himself, saying, "What a thing is

this! If a man were not settled in his religion, this were enough to convert him."

After this he was rent and torn upon the rack, because he would not betray where Father Parsons was, &c. The next day, notwithstanding the great soreness of his whole body, his senses dead, and his blood congealed, he was brought to the torture again, and there stretched with greater severity than before; insomuch that, supposing with himself that they would pluck him in pieces, he put on the armour of patience, resolving to die rather than to hurt any creature living, and having his mind raised in contemplation of Christ's bitter passion.

At his second racking he swooned away, so that they sprinkled cold water on his face to revive him again, yet abating no part of his pain. And here Norton, because they could get nothing out of him, asked whether the Queen were supreme head of the Church of England. To this he said, "I am a Catholic, and I believe in this as a Catholic should."

"Why," said Norton, "they say the Pope is."

"And so say I," answered Mr Brian.

Here also the Lieutenant railed and reviled him, and slapped him on the cheeks, after a cruel manner; and all the commissioners rose up and went away, giving commandment to leave him so all night; at which when they saw he was nothing moved, they ordered he should be taken from the torment, and sent him to Walesboure, where, not able to move hand or foot, or any part of his

body, he lay in his clothes fifteen days together, in great anguish, and without bedding.

Brian's constancy was only comparable to that of the martyrs of the primitive Church, under torments which no human strength could have borne unaided by God's gift of supernatural grace.

He said himself, that by a vow he made, and special exercises, he had great consolation under his trials. In a letter, subsequently written, he says :—

"The same day that I was first tormented on the rack, before I came to the place, giving my mind to prayer, I was filled up and replenished with a kind of supernatural sweetness of spirit; and even while I was calling upon the most holy Name of Jesus, and upon the Blessed Virgin Mary (for I was saying the rosary), my mind was cheerfully disposed, well comforted, and readily prepared, and bent to suffer and endure those torments, which, even then, I most certainly looked for, &c. Whether this that I will say be miraculous or not, God knoweth; but true it is, and thereof my conscience is a witness before God; and this I say, that in the end of the torture, though my hands and feet were violently stretched and racked, and my adversaries fulfilled their wicked lust in practising their cruel tyranny upon my body; yet, notwithstanding, I was without sense and feeling well-nigh of all grief and pain; and, not so only, but, as it were, comforted, eased, and refreshed of the griefs of the torture by-past. I continued still,

with perfect and present senses, in quietness of heart and tranquillity of mind ; which thing when the commissioners did see, they departed, and, in going forth of the door, they gave orders to rack me again the next day following, after the same sort. Now, when I heard them say so, it gave me pain in my mind by and by, and I did verily believe and trust that, with the help of God, I should be able to bear and suffer it patiently.

"In the meantime, as well as I could, I did muse and meditate upon the most bitter passion of our Saviour, and how full of innumerable pains it was. And whilst I was thus occupied, methought that my left hand was wounded in the palm, and that I felt the blood run out ; but, in the very deed, there was no such thing, &c."

When he went to Westminster Hall to be condemned, he made a cross of such wood as he could get, which he carried with him openly. He made shift also to shave his crown, because he would signify to the ministers (who, at his apprehension, had scoffed and mocked him, saying that he was ashamed of his vocation) that he was not ashamed of his holy orders, nor yet that he would blush at his religion.

When he was condemned, irons were put upon him and the rest, and they were never taken off till they were fetched forth to be martyred. After Campion and Sherwine had finished their course, Brian was ordered up into the cart. He spake not much, though urged to do so ; and as he was

saying *Miserere mei, Deus*, he was delivered off the cart, with more pain than the others, by reason of the negligence of the hangman. He was beheaded, dismembered, and his heart, bowels, &c., were burned.

He was but twenty-eight years old when he suffered; and was a man not unlearned; and of a very sweet grace in preaching; and of an exceeding great patience, constancy, and humility. His martyrdom is recorded by Stow, Lewis, Bridgewater, Challoner, Dod, &c.

Dod observes that "he was a very beautiful young man, and upon that account was taken much notice of by the people, as well as for his constancy and firmness of behaviour, becoming a more advanced age."

Philip Rondel, the head of his College, Hart Hall, favoured much all who adhered to the old religion, and took opportunities of impressing all who were students under him favourably towards it; and this led to Brian's conversion to it.

In Stow's "Chronicles" we find a long letter of the Earl of Arundel's, giving the Queen a most touching history of those circumstances which induced him to try to effect his escape from England. We extract the following:—

"Philippe, Earle of Arundell, attempted to have passed the seas without licence, for the which, he was committed to the Tower, the 25 of Aprill 1585."

Extract of "a letter of his owne hand, written to

the Queene's Majestie, which hee left behinde him :—

"I heare call God and His Angels to witnes that I would not haue taken this course if I might haue stayed still in England, without daunger of my soule, and perill of my life, . . . and therefore resolued, whiles I hadde opportunitie, to take the course which might bee sure to saue my soule from the daunger of shipwracke, although my bodie were subject to the perill of misfortune. . . .

"I am inforced to forsake my countrey, to forget my friends, to leave my liuing, and to loose the hope of all worldly pleasures and earthly commodities ; if either I will not consent to the certaine destruction of my bodie, or willingly yeelde to the manifest endaungering of my soule, the least of which are so intollerable for any Christian mann to endure, as I hope it cannot bee thought any unditefulnesse in mee, if I seeke by any good and lawful meanes to auoyde so great an inconueniance; and though the loss of temporall commodities bee so grieuous to flesh and bloud, as I could not desire to liue, if I were not comforted with the remembrance of His mercy, for who I endure all this, who endured x. m. times more for me. . . . I beseech God, from the bottome of my heart, to send to your Majestie as great happinesse as I wish to mine owne soule." (See pp. 702 and 706 inclusive.)

The sequel we do not know; probably others do who have read more. To serve God according to

his conscience this good man "forsook all," but was caught, and cast into prison. How many amongst us would "go and do likewise"? In his case there was much to forsake—a point not to be overlooked.

The same year, we are told by the same historian, other conscientious people were shipped off, and banished wholesale.

"1585. On the 15th day of September, to ye number of 32 seminaries, massing priests and others, late prisoners in the Tower of London, Marshalsea, King's Bench, and other places, were embarked in the *Marie Martine*, of Colchester . . . to be transported ouer into ye coastes of Normandy, to be banished this realme for euer, by vertue of a commission from her Majestie before specified" (p. 709).

And here it may be well to draw attention to the fact that "treason" was a word used to signify two or three things, of which it conveys no idea in these days.

The following entry at page 764 will explain the innocent nature of the crime so called:—

"*The eighteene of February* 1587.—Thomas Portmorte was convicted of two seurall high treasons, the one for being a seminary priest, and remayning in this realme, and the other for reconciling John Barwys, haberdasher. The said John Barwys was likewise conuicted of high treason for being so reconciled, and also of felonie, for Relieuing the saide prieste."

Robert Southwell, third son of Richard Southwell, Esquire of Horsham, St Faith's (about five miles from Norwich), of an ancient family, and ancestor of the present Viscount Southwell, was born there about the year 1562. When an infant, his biographer, William Turnbull, Esquire (of Lincoln's Inn, barrister-at-law), tells us that he was stolen from the cradle by a gipsy, who substituted for him her own child; but the theft was quickly discovered; and the woman, on her apprehension, confessed that her object was gain.

The circumstance of his recovery was most gratefully remembered by Southwell. "What," said he, "if I had remained with the vagrant? How abject, how destitute of the knowledge or reverence of God! In what debasement of vice; in what great peril of crimes; in what indubitable risk of a miserable death and eternal punishment I should have been!"

He was sent to Paris to be educated at the age of fifteen, which education, as to the religious part of it, was superintended by Father Thomas Darbyshire, the nephew of Bishop Bonner. He was for some time at Douay, and then went to Rome; and before he had completed his seventeenth year, he was received into the Order of the Society of Jesus, at his most earnest request, October 17th, 1578. From Rome he went to Tournay in Belgium, and from thence, after a considerable time, back again to Rome, where he completed his studies, and acquitted himself so brilliantly

that he was appointed Prefect of the English College there.

In 1584 he was priested; and having an ardent desire to devote himself to the spiritual benefit of his country, the almost certain martyrdom that sooner or later seemed to await him, in no degree abated his desire to be sent on the home mission. Permission was accorded him, and in the year 1586 he was appointed, with Henry Garnet, the subsequent martyr, with whom he had left Rome in the month of May, arriving in England on the 7th of July. On their first arrival they were received by William, third Lord Vaux, of Harrowden (Hackney); and when Lady Arundel's confessor died, Southwell was made her chaplain and confessor in his place.

The following extracts are taken from a letter of his written shortly before his own sufferings :—

". . . As yet we are alive and well, being unworthy, it seems, of prisons. . . .

"As many of ours as are in chains rejoice, and are comforted in their prisons; and they that are at liberty set not their hearts upon it, nor expect it to be of long continuance. All, by the great goodness and mercy of God, arm themselves to suffer anything that can come, how hard it soever may be, as it shall please the Lord; for whose greater glory, and the salvation of souls, they are more concerned than for any temporal losses.

A little while ago they apprehended two priests

who have suffered such cruel usage in the prison of Bridewell as can scarcely be believed.

"What was given them to eat was so little in quantity, and withal so filthy and nauseous, that the very sight of it was enough to turn their stomachs. The labours to which they obliged them were continual and immoderate, and no less in sickness than in health; for with hard blows and stripes they forced them to accomplish their task, how weak soever they were. Their beds were dirty straw, and their prison most filthy.

"Some were hung up whole days by the hands, in such manner that they can but just touch the ground with the tops of their toes. . . . This purgatory we are looking for every hour, in which Topcliffe and Young, the two executioners of the Catholics, exercise all kinds of torments. But come what pleaseth God, we hope we shall be able to bear all in Him that strengthens us." . . . "We have sung the canticles of the Lord in a strange land, and in this desert we have sucked honey from the rock, and oil from the hard stone."

And now, before giving the account of this holy man's trial, which came in due time, we must transcribe a few of his poems, to enable the reader to enter into his spirit and character. They have been published with his "Memoirs," from which we chiefly quote, and were probably written, for the most part, during the six years he was chaplain to Lady Arundel.

LIFE'S DEATH, LOVE'S LIFE.

Who lives in love, loves least to live,
And long delays doth rue;
If Him we love, by whom we live,
To whom all love is due,

Who for our love did choose to live,
And was content to die,
Who loved our love more than His life,
And love with life did buy,—

Let us in life, yea, with our life,
Requite His living love;
For best we live, when best we love,
If love our life remove.

Where love is hot, life hateful is,
Their grounds do not agree;
Love where it loves, life where it lives,
Desireth most to be.

And sith love is not where it lives,
Nor liveth where it loves,
Love hateth life that holds it back,
And death it most approves.

For seldom is he won in life
Whom love doth most desire,
If won in love, yet not enjoyed
Till mortal life expire.

Life out of earth hath no abode,
In earth love hath no place;
Love settled hath her joys in heaven,
In earth life all her grace.

Mourn, therefore, no true lover's death;
Life only him annoys;
And when he taketh leave of life,
Then love begins his joys.

SCORN NOT THE LEAST.

Where words are weak, and foes encountering strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforcèd wrong,
And silent sees that speech could not amend.
Yet higher powers most think, though they repine;
When sun is set, the little stars shine out.

While pike doth range the silly tench doth fly,
And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish;
Yet pikes are caught, when little fish go by;
These fleet afloat, while those do fill the dish.
There is a time e'en for the worms to creep,
And suck the dew, when all their foes do sleep.

The martin cannot ever soar on high,
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase;
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race.
He that the growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Aman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe;
The Lazar pined while Dives' feast was kept,
Yet he to heaven, to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May;
Yet grass is green, when flowers do fade away.

EXTRACT FROM "ST PETER'S COMPLAINT."

I feared with life to die, by death to live;
I left my Guide,—now left, and leaving God
To breathe in bliss, I feared my breath to give;
I feared, for heavenly sign, an earthly rod;
These fears I feared, fears feeling no mishaps,
Oh fond, oh faint, oh false, oh faulty lapse!

How can I live, that thus my life denied?
What can I hope, that lost my hope in fear?
What trust in one, that truth itself defied?
What good in him that did his God forswear?
O sin of sins! of ills the very worst;
O matchless wretch! O caitiff most accurst!

Vain in my vaunts, I vowed, if friends had failed,
Alone Christ's hardest fortunes to abide;
Giant in talk, like dwarf in trial quail,
Excelling none, but in untruth and pride.
Such distance is between high words, and deeds!
In proof the greatest vaunter seldom speeds.

The born-blind beggar, for receivèd sight,
Fast in his faith and love to Christ remained;
He stoopèd to no fear, he feared no might,
No change his choice, no threats his truth distained;
One wonder wrought him in his duty sure,
I, after thousands, did my Lord abjure.

O tongue! that didst His praise and Godhead sound,
How wert thou stained with such detesting words,
That every word was to His heart a wound,
And lanced Him deeper than a thousand swords?
What rage of man, yea, what infernal sprite,
Could have disgorged more loathsome dregs of spite?

Yet love was loath part, fear loath to die;
Stay danger, life did counterplead their causes;
I, favouring stay and life, bade danger fly,
But danger did except against these clauses;
Yet, stay and live I would, and danger shun,
And lost myself, while I my verdict won.

I stayed, yet did my staying farthest part;
I lived, but so, that saving life I lost it;
Danger I shunned, but to my sorer smart,
I gainèd nought, but deeper danger crossed it.
What danger, distance, death is worse than this,
That runs from God, and spoils his soul of bliss.

O bird ! the just rebuker of my crime,
The faithful waker of my sleeping fears,
Be now the daily clock to strike the time,
When stinted eyes shall pay their task of tears ;
Upbraid mine ears with thine accusing crow
To make me rue what first it made me know.

O sacred eyes ! the springs of living light,
The earthy heavens where angels love to dwell,
How could you deign to view my deathful plight,
Or let your heavenly beams look on my hell ?
But those unspotted eyes encountered mine,
As spotless sun doth on a dunghill shine.

Sweet volumes, stored with learning fit for saints,
Where blissful quires imparadise their minds,
Wherein eternal study never faints,
Still finding all, yet seeking all it finds ;
How endless is your labyrinth of bliss,
When to be lost the sweetest finding is !

Ah wretch ! how oft have I sweet lessons read
In those dear eyes, the registers of truth,
How oft have I my hungry wishes fed,
And in their happy joys redressed my ruth !
Ah ! that they now are heralds of disdain,
That erst were ever pitiers of my pain !

These blazing comets, lightning flames of love,
Made me their warming influence to know ;
My frozen heart their sacred force did prove,
Which at their looks did yield like melting snow ;
They did not joys, in former plenty, carve,
Yet sweet are crumbs, when pinèd thoughts do starve !

O living mirrors ! seeing whom you show,
Which equal shadow worths with shadowed things ;
Yea, make things nobler than in native hue,
By being shaped in those life-giving springs ;
Much more my image in those eyes was graced,
Than in myself, whom sin and shame defaced !

O suns! all but yourselves in light excelling,
Whose presence day, whose absence causeth night;
Whose neighbour-course brings summer, cold expelling,
Whose distant periods freeze away delight.
Ah! that I lost your bright and fostering beams,
To plunge my soul in these congealèd streams!

O gracious spheres! where love the centre is,
A native place for our self-laden souls;
The compass, love,—a cope that none can miss,
The motion, love,—that round about us rolls;
O spheres of love! whose centre, cope, and motion,
Is love of us, love that invites devotion!

O little worlds! the sums of all the best,
Whose glory, heaven; God, sun; all virtues, stars
Whose fire,—a love that next to heaven doth rest;
Air, light of life that no distemper mars;
Whose water grace, whose seas, whose springs, whose showers,
Clothe nature's earth with everlasting flowers.

I, cast out from these worlds, exiled to roam,
Poor saint from heaven, from fire cold salamander,
Lost fish from those sweet waters' kindly home,—
From land of life, strayed pilgrim still I wander.
I know the cause; these words had never hell,
In which my faults have best deserved to dwell.

O Bethlehem's cisterns! David's most desire,
From which my sins like fierce Philistines keep;
To fetch your drops what champion should I hire,
That I therein my withered heart may steep?
I would not shed them, like that holy king;
His were but types, these are the figured thing.

But oh! how long demur I on His eyes,
Whose look did pierce my heart with healing wound!
Lancing imposthumed sore of perjured lies,
Which these two issues of mine eyes have found;
Where run it must till death the issues stop,
And penal life have purged the final drop.

Christ, as my God was tempted in my thoughts,
As man He lent mine eyes their dearest light,
But sin His temple hath to ruin brought,
And now he lighteneth terror from His sight,
Now of my late unconsecrate desires,
Profanèd wretch! I taste the earnèd hires.

Christ! health of fevered soul, heaven of the mind,
Force of the feeble, nurse of infant loves,
Guide to the wandering foot, light to the blind,
Whom weeping wins, repentant sorrow moves;
Father in care, mother in tender heart,
Revive and save me slain with sinful dart!

I dare not say I will, but wish I may;
My pride is checked, high words the speaker spilt;
My good, O Lord! Thy gift, Thy strength my stay,
Give what thou bidst, and then bid what Thou wilt.
Work with me what of me Thou dost request,
Then will I dare the worst, and love the best.

With mildness, Jesu, measure mine offence;
Let true remorse Thy true revenge abate;
Let tears appease, when trespass doth increase;
Let pity temper thy deservèd hate;
Let grace forgive, let love forget my fall;
With fear I crave, with hope I humbly call.

Redeem my lapse with ransom of thy love,
Traverse the indictment, rigour's doom suspend;
Let frailty favour, sorrow's succour move,
Be Thou thyself, though changeling I offend.
Tender my suit, cleanse this defilèd den,
Cancel my debts,—sweet Jesu, say, Amen!

Space would fail us to quote more from Mr Southwell's writings. Enough has been given to afford a just specimen of his style, and to edify the reader. "St Peter's complaint" is a poem of con-

siderable length; so that we have only culled stanzas here and there from it.

At the expiration of six years spent as domestic chaplain to Lady Arundel, he was betrayed into the hands of one of the chief persecutors of the Roman Catholics. Topcliffe, with a band of men, broke into the house and arrested him in open day, and took him to his own house; where, during some weeks, he was put to the torture ten times, with such dreadful severity that Southwell, complaining of it to his judges, declared, in the name of God, that death would have been preferable!

To this Topcliffe we have had continually to refer. He had permission from the Queen's Council to torture in any manner, and to any extent, short of death, the unfortunate victims of his search. We direct the reader to Lodge's "Illustrations of British History" (vol. ii. p. 125, octavo edition) for further particulars of this monster.

But the agony to which this holy priest was so often subjected could not shake his constancy,—so that, as Mr Turnbull says, his tormentors compared him rather to a post than a man!

For two months he was shut up in the gate-house, kept by the wicked woman's husband who, for her own ends, had betrayed him. And from thence he was taken to the Tower, where he was thrown into a filthy dungeon, insomuch as that, when he was taken out to be examined after a month's confinement therein, his clothes were covered with vermin.

Mr Southwell, his father, having married a lady

of the Court, the former instructress of Queen Elizabeth in Latin, had some interest at Court; and petitioned the Queen to order that his son, being a gentleman, should be treated as such, and not confined in that filthy hole.

The Queen, in consequence, gave orders that he should be better lodged, and permission that he should have clothing, necessaries, and books. Of the latter the only ones he asked were the Bible, and the works of St Bernard. During his confinement his sister, Mrs Mary Bannister, had occasional access to him.

For three years this excellent man was a prisoner in the Tower. At the expiration of this time, he wrote to the Lord Treasurer Cecil, entreating that he might be brought to trial, or that he might see his friends. Cecil replied that "if he was in so much haste to be hanged, he should have his desire."

The result was that, on the 18th of February, he was taken to Newgate, thrown into the subterraneous dungeon, there called Limbo, a dark and offensive place, and three days afterwards to Westminster for his trial, before Chief-Justice Popham and others. He denied the charge of treason, but fully admitted that of being a priest, who administered the Sacraments, and performed the ordinary duties of a clergyman of the Roman Church. He was then found guilty and condemned.

At daybreak the next morning, he was told by the chief jailer he was to die that morning.

Southwell at once embraced him, and said, "You could not bring me more joyful tidings. I regret that I have nothing left of greater value, but accept this night-cap, as an evidence of my gratitude."

This gift the jailer held in great estimation, and never parted with it while he lived.

On arriving at Tyburn, and being unbound, he wiped his face from the mud which the jolting of the hurdle had cast on it, and threw the handkerchief to a friend he saw in the crowd. The latter was silent and decorous; and he spoke to them for a short time. A few words of his discourse here follow:—

"Whether we live, we live unto the Lord; or whether we die, we die unto the Lord; therefore, whether we live or die, we are the Lord's. Of which, most clement God and Father of mercies, through the blood of Jesus Christ, I, in the first place, crave forgiveness for all things wherein I may have offended since my infancy." He then prayed for the Queen, then for England, and then continued—

"Since I perceive that I am not permitted to speak at greater length, I deliver my soul into the hands of God, my Creator, earnestly beseeching Him that He may preserve and strengthen it with His grace, and grant it to continue faithful in this final conflict.

"For what may be done to my body, I have no care. But since death, in the admitted cause for

which I die, cannot be otherwise than most happy and desirable, I pray the God of all comfort that it may be to me the complete cleansing of my sins, and a real solace and increase of faith to others.

"I die because I am a Catholic priest, elected into the Society of Jesus in my youth; nor has any other thing during the last three years" (since his apprehension) "in which I have been imprisoned, been charged against me. This death, therefore, although it may now seem base and ignominious, can, to no rightly thinking person, appear doubtful, but that it is, beyond measure, 'an eternal weight of glory' to be wrought in us, who look not to the things which are visible, but to those which are unseen."

He was firm in his delivery, and was often interrupted by Protestant teachers; but the audience in general was moved to much commiseration for him.

Afterwards he frequently ejaculated, "Holy Mary, Mother of God, and all the Saints, pray for me!" And signing himself with the cross, he said, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit. Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth, my God; and, O God, be merciful to me a sinner," &c.

The car being removed from under his feet, he continued to beat his breast, and to make the sign of the cross—the executioner having so awkwardly applied the noose as that he was not strangled; upon which the latter pulled him by the legs to ease his agony.

Happily the martyr's whole behaviour so touched the spectators, that when, according to the sentence, the executioner was about to cut him down, that he might be butchered alive afterwards, neither they nor the superintending magistrate would permit him to do so.

Lord Mountjoy, who was present, was so struck by the holy sufferer's constancy, that he exclaimed, "May my soul be with this man's!" He was amongst those who prevented the cutting down, till his soul was released from its last sore conflict.

He was executed at the age of thirty-three.

Richard Thirkill (or Thirkeld) was born at Cunsley, Durham; and seems to have been rather advanced in age before he went abroad, for he was called an old man in the account of his death, which took place four years after he was made priest. (See Dr Bridgewater's "Collections," fol. 116.) He was ordained in the year 1579, after his education at Douay and Rheims. As he was coming home from that service, he lifted his hands to heaven, and cried out, "O good God!" Then, directing his discourse to one of his companions, he said, "God alone knows how great a gift this is that hath been conferred upon us this day."

One of his intimate friends writes, "He considered how excellent and singular a gift it was to offer up daily to God for his own, and the whole people's salvation, the precious blood of Christ, the spotless and undefiled Lamb. And the fre-

quent meditation of this gift produced in his soul that daily increase of divine love, and heavenly courage, that there was now nothing in life he desired more than, in return for what Christ had done for him, to shed also his blood in Christ, and for Christ." The writer continues that he had often heard him say that, for eight whole years he had made it the subject of his prayers, that he might one day lay down his life for his faith; which was granted to him in the following manner:—

His mission was chiefly in and about York; where, on the 24th of March, nine days after the execution of Hart, going by night to visit a Catholic who, for his conscience, was confined in the prison upon the bridge, he was apprehended upon suspicion of being a priest; which he readily owned, saying, "I will never deny my vocation, do with me what you will."

He was carried before the Lord Mayor, and to him as boldly confessed what he was; who sent him for that night to the house of Standeven, the High Sheriff; who then found out and plundered his lodging, seized his church-stuff, books, &c. After this, he was committed to the Ritcote prison on the next, where he remained till May 27th, the day of his trial. In the meantime, he was twice examined by the Dean of York and three of the Council, concerning his character and functions; and he was very free in his answers, only excepting when any other person was concerned. In answer to their inquiries, he said that he had

gone abroad for conscience' sake, that he might serve God better, and had returned to his own country in order to give souls to God and his Church; confessing also that he had said Mass, and performed the other functions of his ministry, as occasion required. They touched upon the question of the supremacy; but the Dean seemed unwilling to have that matter pressed home.

What were the dispositions of the soul of this holy man in the horror and solitude of his prison, we may learn from his letters, six having been published by Dr Bridgewater—all edifying, and full of the spirit of the martyrs. We extract from one written to a friend under his spiritual care :—

"The world, dear daughter, begins now to seem insipid, and all its pleasures grow bitter as gall; and all the fine shows and delights it affords appear quite empty and good for nothing. Now it is seen that there is no true joy, no object, no agreeable pleasure, that can afford any solid delight, but one alone; and that is Christ. I experience now that the greatest pleasure, joy, and comfort, is in conversing with Him; that all time thus employed is short, sweet, and delightful; and those words that, in this conversation, He speaks to me, so penetrate my soul, so elevate my spirit above itself, so moderate and change all fleshly affections, that this prison of mine seems not a prison, but a paradise; my crosses become light and easy; and the being deprived of all earthly comfort, affords a heavenly joy and happiness.

"O happy prison! O blessed confinement! O solitude, full of comfort! O goal, a long time desired! where hast thou stayed so long? O crosses! where have you been all this while? O solitude! why didst thou not suffer me to relish thy sweetness sooner?

"But, wretch as I am! I see it was my unworthiness (which is still as great as ever) that hitherto kept me from such an honour; that my being so propense to vice would not suffer me to attain so great a blessing as these crosses; that my iniquity and sin have, with good reason, delayed and hindered my being promoted to so happy a state as this solitude.

"These jewels of so great a price, all these riches the great God has been pleased to confer upon me here in my prison; all which I ascribe to Him, and acknowledge to be His gift, His mercy, His love, attributing nothing to myself. To Him, therefore, be all the praise, honour, and glory for so unspeakable a benefit bestowed upon His poor, wretched, and altogether undeserving servant," &c.

On the day of his trial, he was led from the Ritcote to the castle, guarded by the Sheriff and his men, dressed in his cassock, which made him appear more venerable; and his countenance, air, and behaviour expressed so much courage and constancy, joined with such sweetness and modesty, as both ravished and astonished the beholders, of which there was a great crowd desiring to see and hear him.

He was found guilty of the indictment, having confessed that he had sacramentally absolved and reconciled many of the Queen's subjects to the Church of Rome. He was then taken back to the castle, and put down into the condemned hold with the felons; yet so that he had an opportunity of calling upon the Catholic prisoners to pray for him, and to assure them, it was a great pleasure to him to suffer for so good a cause, for which, if he had a thousand lives, he would willingly lay them all down.

He passed that whole night in instructing the malefactors, and disposing them to die well; and next morning, the 28th of May, at 8 a.m., he was again ordered before the judges.

Four Roman Catholic prisoners, who were to be tried the same morning, begged his prayers and blessing as they passed by him, which he gave them. A good old woman, likewise summoned to appear at that bar, for the profession of her faith, was still more courageous, for, coming up to him at the bar, and kneeling down, she asked his blessing in open court, which Mr Thirkill, graciously smiling, immediately gave her; defending his authority so to do in reply to the remonstrances of some of the court.

Some interesting details could here be given, but to save space they must be omitted,—especially the encouragment he gave to one weakly gentleman, also on his trial for his faith—"Stick you close to God, and with great courage confess His Holy Name."

To be brief, the sentence of death was pro-

nounced upon him, which was, that he should be hanged, cut down alive, dismembered, bowelled, and quartered. For which sentence, as soon as the confessor had heard, falling on his knees, he gave most hearty thanks to God, and pronounced aloud these words in Latin, "This is the day which the Lord hath made; let us be glad and rejoice in it." Then, that his presence might not any longer encourage the rest, he was hurried out, and thrust into the lowest dungeon in the castle.

The next day was that of his execution; and guards were set to prevent his fellow Catholics from being present at his death, the Lord Mayor having ordered a general meeting of citizens, under pretence for making choice of the militia.

However, the sentence was carried out, and the execution witnessed by persons of credit, who reported the same; and he was cut down and massacred according to the very letter of it; and a great fire of straw was made on the spot to consume all, that none of his blood might be gathered up by his friends.

He suffered at York, the 29th of May 1583.

Dod names him in his "History of England," vol. ii. p. 121.

Mrs MARGARET WARD was born at Congleton, Cheshire, of a gentleman's family; and was in the service of a lady of distinction, when Mr Watson, a secular priest, was confined in Bridewell for his religion.

The story of this gentleman is thus given by the Bishop of Tarrasona, 1. 2, c. 5.

RICHARD WATSON was a zealous missioner priest of the Rheims Seminary. He was apprehended and confined in Bridewell, and, at length, by force of torments and insupportable labours, and other miseries of that place, prevailed upon, through human frailty, to go once to the Protestant Church; upon which he was set at liberty.

But such was his remorse for this sin, that he felt his case made worse, instead of better, through means of his unfaithfulness—the torments of his mind exceeding in bitterness those inflicted upon his body, feeling that he had now lost his God, whose divine grace had formerly supported him; and so "the heavens became to him as brass, and the earth as iron."

In this melancholy condition, he went to one of the prisons where some of his fellow-priests were confined, to seek their counsel and comfort; and here, having confessed his error with great marks of sincere repentance, received absolution, and went to the same church where he had sinned, to make reparation for the scandal he had caused; and there (in Bridewell Church), in the middle of the congregation, declared, with a loud voice, that he had done very ill in coming lately to church and joining in their service; which, he said, "you untruly call the service of God; for it is indeed the service of the devil."

Without entering at all into the question as to

how nearly a service which is not in all points really and essentially "Catholic," may be so severely stigmatised, we can easily understand the views and feelings that led to the Confessor's judgment upon it; since "a tree is known by its fruits," and assuredly "the fruits of the Spirit," which are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, meekness, and charity," were not produced on the tree of these so-called Reformers' planting! At least, so far as he himself had known and tasted them.

Immediately they laid hold of him, and stopping his mouth, dragged him to prison; where he was thrust into a dungeon, so low and so strait, that he could neither stand up, nor lie down at full length to sleep. Here he was loaded with irons; and kept for a month on such a pittance of bread and water, that it was scarcely enough to keep him alive—no one, during this time, being suffered to come near to comfort him.

After this, he was removed to a lodging at the top of the building, where he had light and more room to move. But the adversaries of his faith made this lodging more troublesome, by plying him with threats, with prayers, and with promises, to engage him to go once more to church, that he might appear outwardly to have adopted their religion, whatever he might secretly believe in his heart.

Their importunities made him at length weary of his life; and the Roman Catholics durst not

attempt to go near him, though they heard of his sufferings, for fear of the consequences to themselves; till a courageous gentlewoman, Mrs Margaret Ward, undertook to do it.

She was in the service, as we said, of a lady of the first rank, then residing in London; and hearing of Mr Watson's most afflicted condition, she obtained leave of her lady to go and attempt to visit and relieve him. In order to do this, she changed her dress, and taking a basketful of provisions, went to the prison.

At first, she could not obtain leave to see the poor priest; but at last, through the intercession of the jailer's wife, whom Mrs Ward found means to make her friend, with much difficulty she obtained permission to see him from time to time, to bring him necessaries; upon condition that she should be searched both in coming and going, lest she might convey letters to or from him. This scrutiny was kept up so strictly for the first month, that they even broke open loaves or pies that she brought, lest any paper should have been concealed therein; and all the time she was with him, some one stood by to hear what was said. But their suspicions having become allayed, they relaxed in their vigilance; so that he had an opportunity of telling her that he had found a way by which he could escape, if he had a rope sufficiently long, from the top of the house.

Mrs Ward soon procured the cord, which she concealed in her provision-basket; she appointed

also two Roman Catholic watermen, to attend with their boat near Bridewell, between two and three in the morning. At this time, Watson applied his rope to the cornice, and doubled it; but not considering the height of the building, began to let himself down, holding the two ends with the intention of carrying it away with him, that the mode of his escape might not be known.

By the time he had descended rather more than half-way, he found that the cord, from being doubled, was too short, and he remained for a time suspended midway, unable to return or to proceed. At length, commending himself to God, he let go and dropped down upon an old shed, which fell in with a great noise. He was much stunned, and broke both his right leg and arm.

The watermen ran to his assistance and carried him to the boat, where he came to himself, and remembered the rope and his coat, and told the men if they did not return and fetch it, the poor lady would be brought into trouble. But it was too late. The noise had roused the jailer and others, who found the rope, and searched in vain for the prisoner; the watermen taking care to conceal him till he was recovered.

It was ill, however, for his brave deliverer. They found out where Mrs Ward lived, whom they at once suspected of complicity in the escape; and justices and constables rushed in and seized her, just as she was preparing to change her lodgings.

They carried her to prison, loaded her with irons

for eight days; and as Champney and Ribadaneira add, they hung her up by her hands, and cruelly scourged her; which torments she bore with wonderful courage, saying, "they were preludes of martyrdom, with which by the grace of God she hoped she should be honoured."

Eight days after she was brought to the bar; where she was examined concerning her having furnished the means of escape to the priest. She answered with a cheerful countenance that she had done so; and never had done anything of which she less repented, than delivering that innocent lamb from the hands of those bloody wolves. At first they sought to terrify her; then promised her pardon, if she would go to church and confess where the priest was.

But she would reveal nothing about him, and said, that "the queen, if she had the feelings of a woman would have done the same, had she known all that he underwent; and that as for their Church, she had for many years been convinced it was not lawful for her so to do, and she could not act against her conscience; and that for the sentence of death pronounced against her, she was willing to lay down, not one life only, but many if she had them, rather than betray her conscience, or act against her holy religion."

She was executed, as in cases of felony, at Tyburn, August 30th, 1588; showing to the end a wonderful constancy and alacrity, by which the spectators were much moved and greatly edified. (See

Dr Champney's MS., and the Bishop of Tarrasona's "History of the Persecutions," 1. 5, cap. 2.)

Whilst these events were taking place, Mr Watson was under the care of the waterman, in whose house he was concealed; and when recovered, he thought proper to remove more completely from danger; and so, the better to effect his escape, he changed clothes with his protector. The latter joyfully accepted the change, and devoutly put on the dress of one whom he regarded, and justly so, a Confessor of Christ.

Not long after, the jailer met him, and observed the clothes, had him apprehended, and examined as to how he came by them. He answered boldly, confessed the whole truth, was prosecuted, condemned, and endured the same death as Mrs Ward, refusing to save himself by renouncing his faith, and answering as she did. The spiritual joy, and the constancy with which he suffered, were admired by all who witnessed his martyrdom.

John Amias, a native of Yorkshire, was alumnus of Douay College, where he was priested, March 25th, 1581, and sent on the English mission, on the 5th of June, with Mr Edmund Sykes—and Robert Dalby a native of Durham, an alumnus also and priest of the same college, was sent on the mission, 1588.

Both these fell into the hands of the Protestant persecutors, and were condemned to die the death of traitors, on account of their priestly character.

Dr Champney (in his MS. History, *ad annum Elizab.* 31), gives the following account of them:—

"This year, on the 15th of March, John Amias and Robert Dalby, priests of the College of Douay, suffered at York, as in cases of high treason, for no other cause but that they were priests, ordained by the authority of the See of Rome, and had returned into England, and exercised their priestly functions for the benefit of the souls of their neighbours. I was myself an eye-witness of the glorious combat of these holy men, being at that time a young man, in the 20th year of my age, and I returned home confirmed, by the sight of their constancy and meekness, in the Catholic faith, which by God's grace I then followed; for there visibly appeared in those holy servants of God so much meekness, joined with a singular constancy, that you would easily say that they were lambs led to the slaughter.

"They were drawn about a mile out of the city to the place of execution, where, being arrived and taken off the hurdle, they prostrated themselves upon their faces to the ground, and then employed some time in prayer, till Mr Amias, being called on by the sheriff, rose up, and, with a serene countenance, walked to the gallows and kissed it. Then kissing the ladder, went up. The hangman, after fitting the rope to his neck, bade him descend a step or two, affirming that thus he would suffer the less. He then turned to the people, and declared that 'the cause of his death was not treason,

but religion ;' but here he was interrupted and not suffered to go on. Therefore composing himself for death, with his eyes and hands lifted up to heaven, forgiving all who had anyways procured his death, and praying for his persecutors, he recommended his soul to God, and being flung off the ladder, he quietly expired ; for he was suffered to hang so long, till he seemed to be quite dead. Then he was cut down, dismembered and disembowelled, his head cut off and the trunk of his body quartered.

"All this while, his companion, Mr Dalby, was most intent in prayer ; who, being called upon, immediately followed the footsteps of him that had gone before him, and obtained the like victory. The sheriff's men were very watchful to prevent the standers-by from gathering any of their blood, or carrying off anything that belonged to them. Yet one, who appeared to me to be a gentlewoman, going up to the place where their bodies were in quartering, and, not without difficulty, making her way through the crowd, fell down upon her knees, before the multitude, and with her hands joined, and eyes lifted up to heaven, declared an extraordinary motion and affection of soul. She spake also some words, which I could not hear for the tumult and noise. Immediately, a clamour was raised against her as an idolatress, and she was drove away ; and whether or no she was carried to prison, I could not certainly understand." So far Dr Champney.

"At the same assizes at which Roger Diconson, priest, was condemned, and of whose martyrdom we cannot here speak, seven maiden gentlewomen were also condemned for having received him into their house to say Mass for them. The judge, thinking that the sentence of death would sufficiently terrify them, gave them a reprieve, and sent them back to prison. But, like the martyrs of the early Church, spoken of in the eleventh of the Hebrews, who suffered for their faith, 'not accepting deliverance,' they all burst out into tears, and begged that 'the sentence of death might be carried out which had been pronounced against them; and that so they might die with their spiritual father and pastor, it being just that, as they had a share in his supposed guilt, they should be also sharers in his punishment.' Adding that 'they trusted in God that He who had given them the grace to do what they had done, would also strengthen them to suffer death with courage and constancy for the holy Catholic faith.'" (See Dr Champney's MSS., and Ribadaneira *in Appendice*, c. 7.)

We believe that these poor maiden ladies had their holy wish, and suffered the rest of their punishment for worshipping God, in their private houses, according to their religious convictions.

And here we may well inquire, wherein do nineteenth-century-Christians differ from those who so intruded their own views upon these harmless and devout women, and visited their un-

obtrusive worship with imprisonment and death? The civil law alone saves our Roman Catholic, and our Anglo-Catholic, Churches from the utter destruction to which the *underhand encouragement* of mob-rioters would easily lead, and our fellow-countrymen from personal injury. When will English Christians learn to know that, it is an abominable act of wickedness for any man to intrude between another man's soul and his God, or to use any coercive influence over his conscience in the performance of his religious worship? It is a gross usurpation of the Divine prerogative, of which many good people seem strangely ignorant, as of the terrible responsibility they incur, whether they attempt such coercion by public "railing accusations," law-litigations, or by the influence of cruel family estrangements. Brethren, look to it!

SWITHIN WELLS, gentleman, was the sixth son of Thomas Wells, of Brambridge near Winchester, Esquire, renowned for his immoveable constancy amongst many and great persecutions, which he suffered for the Roman religion under Queen Elizabeth. He was well and virtuously brought up, and was pleasant, courteous, generous, and courageous: in every way a gentleman. He married a gentlewoman worthy of him; one who was condemned, like himself, to die for the Roman faith, but afterwards reserved for a more lingering martyrdom in prison. Mr Wells was a man much given by nature to field-sports, and

delighted in hunting and hawking, and such diversions; but he deprived himself much in this respect, that he might devote himself to the education of other young men; and his seminary was eminently successful, especially as regarded the Roman Church, one of his pupils being subsequently enrolled in the noble army of martyrs.

On the 7th of November 1591, a Mr EDMOND GENINGS—whom Stowe, in his "Chronicle," calls "Ironmonger" (the name under which he had to conceal himself on his mission), a young and zealous priest, who had learned the Roman faith when page to a Roman Catholic gentleman of the name of Sherwood (who was much persecuted for his faith) — arranged to celebrate Mass with one of his brethren at the house of Mr Wells, and made it known to several other friends, men and women. While the Sacred Office was being performed, Topcliffe, the arch-priest-catcher, with others, rushed in and broke open the chamber door. Upon this, the gentlemen present opposed strenuous resistance; and, on Topcliffe's persisting in forcing his way in, Mr Plasden, one of the priests, threw him down-stairs, and fell with him in the struggle. Returning, Mr Plasden directed Genings to finish the Mass. Presently Topcliffe appeared again, with a broken head, and, thinking the whole street would be raised, Plasden said that if he would wait, when the Mass was ended, they would quietly yield themselves prisoners.

This granted and the Mass being ended, Topcliffe and his assistants rushed in, seized them all, men and women, and carried them off to Newgate.

Mr Wells was absent at this time, though his wife was there; and finding on his return that his house had been ransacked, and his wife was gone, he went to Justice Yonge to expostulate, and demand his wife and the keys of his house. But the justice put a pair of iron bolts on his legs, and sent him to join the rest of the prisoners. On being examined next day, he replied that, although not aware of the celebration that had taken place in his house in his absence, he wished he had been present, thinking his house highly honoured by having so divine a sacrifice offered therein.

Upon which the justice told him that, "though he was not at the feast, he should taste of the sauce."

Suffice it to say that, after bitter mockery and many indignities offered to these godly persons, it was appointed that they all should die; Mr Wells and Mr Genings at the door of Mr Wells' own house in Gray's-inn-fields, and the rest at Tyburn. After pronouncing sentence, the judge endeavoured to persuade them to conform to the Protestant religion, for that by so doing they should be set at liberty. But they all replied that "they would live and die in the true Roman and Catholic faith, which they and all antiquity had ever professed," and that "they would by no means go to the Protestant churches; nor once think that the queen could be the head of the Church in spirituals."

The three priests were cast into the dungeon, and even while there, Justice Yonge, Topcliffe, and others, promised Mr Genings not only life and liberty, but a hope of a living and promotion, if he would renounce his religion and go to their church. But the young man was steadfast in his resolution, whereat they became so angry they put him into a dark hole in the prison, where he could not see his own hands, nor move without danger of breaking his neck. Here he was left without food till the hour of his death, occupying himself in prayer. On the 10th of December, Plasden and others were executed; Mrs Wells, to her great grief, reprieved, but kept in prison, where she died; and her husband and Genings taken, for the accomplishment of the sentence, to Gray's-inn-fields, before Mr Wells' own door.

Once more, when Genings was actually on the fatal ladder, Topcliffe adjured him to submit and recant; and that even then he should be pardoned. To this, as before, he mildly replied that he could not do so. "I know not in what I have offended my dear anointed princess; if I had, I would willingly ask forgiveness. If she be offended with me, because I am a priest, and because I profess my faith and will not turn minister against my conscience, I shall be, I trust, excused, and innocent before God. I must obey God, saith St Peter, rather than men."

At this speech, Topcliffe was enraged, and bade the hangman turn the ladder, scarcely giving him

time to say a "Pater Noster." Cut down by his order before he was dead, the butchery began; and the poor martyr in his agony exclaimed, "Oh, it smarts!" which, being overheard by Mr Wells, he said, "Alas! sweet soul, thy pain is great indeed, but almost past; pray for me now, most holy saint, that mine may come." The mangling work then proceeded, and the hangman's hand being already on his heart, he was heard to say "Sancte Gregori, ora pro me!" which the hangman hearing, he swore "Z——ds! see, his heart is in my hand, and yet Gregory is in his mouth! Oh, egregious Papist!"

To return to the history of Wells. The following letter written by him, when in prison, to his brother-in-law, Mr Gerard Morin (also a sufferer for his faith), will edify any unprejudiced reader.

"The comforts which captivity bringeth are so manifold, that I have rather cause to thank God highly for His Fatherly correction, than to complain of any worldly misery whatsoever. "Dominus de cœlo in terram aspexit ut audiret gemitus compeditorum, &c. Potius mihi habetur affligi pro Christo, quam honorari a Christo." These, and the like, cannot but comfort a good Christian, and cause him to esteem his captivity to be a principal freedom; his prison, a heavenly harbour; and his irons, an ornament.

"These will plead for him, and the prison will protect him. God send me, withal, the prayers of all good folks to obtain some end of all miseries,

such as to His holy will and pleasure shall be most agreeable.

"I have been long time in durance, and endured much pain; but the many future rewards in the heavenly payment, make all pains seem to me a pleasure; and truly custom hath caused, that it is now no grief to me at all to be debarred from company, desiring nothing more than solitariness; but rather I rejoice that thereby I have the better occasion, with prayer, to prepare myself to that happy end to which I was created and placed here by God; assuring myself always of this one thing, that how few soever I see, yet am I not alone: *Solus non est cui Christus comes est*—'He is not alone who has Christ in his company.'

"When I pray I talk with God, when I read He talketh to me; so that I am never alone. He is my chiefest companion and only comfort: *Cum ipso sum in tribulatione.*

"I have no cause to complain of the hardness of the prison, considering the effects thereof, and the rather because I fasten not my affection upon worldly vanities, whereof I have had my fill, to my great grief and sorrow. I renounced the world before ever I tasted of imprisonment, even in my baptism, which, being so, how little doth it import in what place I be in the world, since by promise and profession, how slenderly soever I have kept heretofore, I purpose for the time to come, God assisting me with His grace in my commenced enterprise, to continue to my life's end.

"The world is crucified to me, and I to the world. God forbid that I should glory in anything but in the cross of Christ. I utterly refuse all commodities, pleasures, pastimes, and delights, saving only the sweet service of God, in whom is the perfection of all true pleasures. 'Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity' besides loving God.

"I am bound and charged with gyves, yet am I loose and unbound towards God; and far better I account it to have the body bound, than the soul to be in bondage. I am threatened hard with danger of death; but if it be no worse, I will not wish it to be better. God send me His grace, and then I weigh not what flesh and blood can do unto me.

"I have answered to many curious and dangerous questions, but I trust with good advisement, not offending my conscience.

"What will become of it God knows best, to whose protection I commit you.

"'E carcere et catenis ad regnum
Tuus dum vixero.'

"Sw. W."

We said that Mrs Wells was grievously afflicted at being reprieved, the day she was brought out of prison with her husband and Genings for execution, desiring to bear them company in so glorious a death.

But the honour of martyrdom was, nevertheless, granted to her, though after a more lingering

manner; for she was kept a close prisoner in Newgate for ten years—there exercising herself in continual prayer and fasting—till the year 1602, when she died.

On his way to execution, her husband saw by chance an old friend of his, and exclaimed, "Farewell, dear friend! farewell all hawking, hunting, and old pastimes. I am now going a better way."

At the place of execution he witnessed the bloody butchery of his friend and priest, Mr Genings; but his courage never failed. "Despatch!" said he, "Mr Topcliffe, despatch! Are you not ashamed to suffer an old man to stand here so long in his shirt in the cold? I pray God to make you, of a Saul, a Paul—of a persecutor, a Catholic professor." And in such like speeches, full of Christian charity, piety, and magnanimity, he happily consummated his course, on the 10th of December 1591. (See Dod's "Church History of England," vol. ii. pp. 89–166.)

DIARMET O'HURLEY, the son of an Irish knight, was a student of the Universities of Paris and Louvain. He received the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and of Laws, and gave public lectures for four years at the latter place. His dignified manner, learning, and exemplary life attracted the notice of Gregory XIII., who appointed him to the see of Cashel. This occasioned his return to Ireland at the time of the most bitter persecution of the Roman Church, under Queen Elizabeth.

For two years, English spies sought every opportunity to seize on his person; but the Irish Roman Catholics frustrated every attempt, he wearing, as was usual in these troublous times, a secular dress to escape notice.

It happened, however, that while the bishop was residing with Thomas Fleming, an Anglo-Irish baron, in the Castle of Slane, Robert Dillon, one of her Majesty's judges, came there, also, on a visit. During dinner, the Protestants expressed themselves on important religious doctrines with much freedom, insomuch as that Dr O'Hurley felt himself bound to interpose, and by his co-religionists was said to have ably refuted them. Dillon saw then that the archbishop was some distinguished personage sent to oppose the spread of Protestantism, and he made known his suspicions to Loftus, the Irish chancellor, and to Henry Walpole, the chief treasurer, who governed in the absence of the viceroy. Orders were then given to Lord Slane to send the stranger to Dublin; but O'Hurley fled to Carrick-on-Suir, where he was arrested September 1583. Thomas Butler, surnamed "the Black Earl of Ormonde," protested, and used every endeavour to obtain his release, but to no purpose. The archbishop was hurried off to Dublin, and there kept, bound in chains, in a dark and loathsome prison, up to the holy Thursday of the following year, when he was brought before Loftus and Wallop, the lords justices. At first they received him kindly, and promised him

both pardon and promotion, if he denied the spiritual power of the Pope, and acknowledged the supremacy of the Queen.

He replied that he was resolved never to abandon, for any temporal reward, the Catholic Church, the Vicar of Christ, and the true faith. Loftus and Wallop then had recourse to arguments, but his replies to these were not listened to; and on his protesting against the frivolous sophisms proposed to him, they became enraged, and said if arguments failed to convince him, other means must be tried to change his purpose.

The holy man was then tied to the trunk of a large tree, his hands and feet chained, and his legs forced into long leather boots reaching to the knees, which were filled with salt, butter, oil, hemp, and pitch, and he was laid on an iron grate over a fire, and there tortured for more than an hour; and the pitch and oil boiling over, the skin was torn off the feet, and even large pieces of flesh, so as to leave the bones bare. The veins and muscles contracted gradually, and when the boots were pulled off, no one could bear to look at the horrible spectacle.

In spite of this torture, the martyr never complained, but was able to keep his mind fixed on God, and holy things. But, thinking they had broken his spirit, the tyrants ordered him back to prison, into the same dark noisome dungeon as before.

There happened then to be a priest, called

Charles M'Morris, in Dublin, who had much experience in medicine and surgery, who had been released from imprisonment in England, on account of the skill with which he had treated some noblemen, when suffering from dangerous illness. This father went to visit the archbishop, and put him under such a treatment, that he was able to sit up in bed within a fortnight.

The chancellor and treasurer were informed of this cure, and of the determination of the Earl of Ormond to procure his release, and resolved not to give their victim the least chance of escape, and, therefore, ordered his execution to take place immediately, and that at an early hour, lest, getting notice of it, there might be any attempt made by the people to rescue him. The soldiers carried out their directions strictly, and only one faithful friend and two of the citizens followed their pastor to witness his last conflict. He seized the hand of this friend as he was led forth; and tradition tells of his having impressed a red sign of the Cross upon it. Be this as it may, Dr O'Hurley was hanged for his faith, on the 7th of June 1584. (See "Collections from Irish Church History," from the MSS. of the Rev. Laurence F. Renehan, D.D., and edited by Rev. Daniel M'Carthy. C. M. Warren, Dublin, 1861.)

The following extracts are taken from the letters of Loftus and Wallop, lords justices, to Walsingham, urging a speedy decision upon the case of Archbishop O'Hurley. (See "State Papers," edited

by Dr Maziere Brady. Longmans, London, p. 78.)

1584, March 8th.—"It may please your Honour, as in our other letter to your Honour of the 7th of this present, we have declared our proceedings by torture with Dr Hurley, having sent you the abstract of his examination, together with the Baron of Slane's, John Dillon's, and others', to be considered of by your Honour, and used in such sort as shall seem good unto you. So also have we herewith sent the copies of such letters as, since the writing of our former letters, we have intercepted, being written since his torture, the one to the Earl of Ormond, and the other to a kinsman of his own in this town (serving Dr Forth), who should have practised for him.

"Which letters were brought to our hands by the fidelity of Sylvester Cooley, the constable, and the good handling of one of the warders, who hath the keeping of Hurley, &c. &c.

(Signed) "Ad. Dublin, Canc.
H. Wallop."

Extract II. p. 79.

Walsingham, the Queen's secretary, to Loftus and Wallop, notifying her approval of their conduct towards the papal archbishop.

"... And the man being so resolute to reveal no more matter, it is thought meet to have no further tortures used against him, but that you proceed forthwith to his execution in manner aforesaid.

"As for her Majesty's good acceptation of your

careful travail in this matter of Hurley, you need nothing to doubt ; and for your better assurance thereof, she has commanded me to let your Lordship understand that, as well in all other the like, as in this case of Hurley, she cannot but greatly allow and commend your doings," &c.

From a former letter by Loftus and Wallop to Walsingham, we extract an explanation of why they departed from the usual mode of torturing Roman Catholics, which was by the "press," the "scavenger's daughter," the rack, hanging, and the like, and tried the more novel mode of boiling the poor martyr's legs.

Extract, p. 73 of "State Papers."

Dec. 10, 1583.—"Among other letters directed to us and brought by this last passage, we received one from your Honour, declaring her Majesty's pleasure for the proceeding with Dr Hurley by torture, or any other severe manner of proceeding, to gain his knowledge of all foreign practices against her Majesty's states, &c. . . . But that for we want here either racke or other engine of torture to terrify him ; and doubt but that at the time of his apprehension he was schooled to be silent in all causes of weight, and the Tower of London should be a better place than the Castle of Dublin; and in the mean season we would not only inform ourselves of all that may be gained here out of the examination of him, &c., and so do commit you to the Lord." (Signed) "Ad. Dublin, Canc.

H. Wallop."

Our last extract gives the mode selected on the suggestion of Walsingham. (See p. 74, "State Papers.")

March 7, 1584.— " . . . So, as not finding that easy manner of examination to do any good, we made commissions to Mr Waterhouse and Mr Secretary Fenton to put him to the torture, such as your Honour advised us, which was to toast his feet against the fire with hot boots.

(Signed) " AD. DUBLIN, Canc.
H. WALLOP."

These brief extracts suffice to authenticate the history given by Dr Moran.

MARGARET CLITHEROE, daughter of a Mr Middleton, a "gentleman of a fair estate in Yorkshire," was the wife of a Mr Clitheroe, and lived in the city of York. Their house was a common refuge of missionary priests: a dangerous character to earn in those cruel days. Detected at last as protectors of the Roman Clergy, her husband fled, and she, being seized, was committed to York Castle; and after a trial, she was, of course, condemned to die, for the crime above named.

"Some say," writes Dr Dod, "that she was pressed to death; others that she had only a great weight placed on her body to keep her down in the sledge." But Dr Lingard gives a full and circumstantial account of the whole abominable transaction in his "History of England" (p. 713), quoting from the words of an eye-witness:—

"The place of execution was the Tolboth, six or seven yards from the prison. After she had prayed, Fawcet, one of the sheriffs, commanded them to put off her apparel, when she, with four women, requested him on their knees that, for the honour of womanhood, this might be dispensed with. But they would not grant it. Then she requested them that the women might unapparel her, and that they would turne their faces from her during that time. The women took off her clothes, and put on her the long linen habit. Then very quietly she laid her down upon the ground, her face covered with a handkerchief, and most part of her body with the habit." Dod says, "She was endowed with a courage above her sex," and that "looking up to Heaven, she cried out," while preparing for this last trial, "Oh, how short is the passage towards eternal happiness! This or any other way is indifferent to me." Dr Lingard thus continues, "The dore was laied upon her, her hands joined towards her face. Then the sheriff said, 'Naie, ye must have your hands bound.' Then two sergeants parted her hands, and bound them to two posts. (In the print her feet are bound to two others.) After this they laied weight upon her, which, when she felt, she said, 'Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, have mercye upon me!' Which were the last words she was heard to speak. She was in dying about one quarter of an hower. A sharp stone, as much as a man's fist, had been put under her back; upon her was laid to the

quantitie of seven or eight hundredweight; which, breaking her ribbs, caused them to burst forth of the skinne." She suffered at York, March 25th, 1586.

Dod says that, meanwhile, her husband not daring to appear, their children were carried away by order of the government.

Her son William was sent first to Cambridge, and then to Oxford; and the strong impressions which his mother's holy life, and example in death, had produced upon him, even in childhood, made him ultimately embrace the Roman faith.

He then left England for Douay, 1604. (See "Church History of England," vol. ii. p. 179.)

Dr Challoner further tells us that this heroic woman refused to plead, that she might not bring others into danger. Also that her little children, who wept and lamented for their mother (of course, making the trial of her constancy the more severe), were taken up, and being questioned as to their religion, and answering as she had taught them, were severely whipped; and the eldest, but twelve years old, sent to prison. Mr John Mush, her confessor, who had suffered imprisonment for his faith, and had received sentence of death (though he died in the course of nature after all), wrote the life of this holy woman.

The history of Mr William Davies, priest, is is too lengthy to be given,—and his apprehension by the Protestants for the usual cause, his Roman priesthood.

On the first occasion of his imprisonment, he was cast into a disgusting dungeon, separate from his companions, between two walls of the Castle of Beaumaris, where he remained in solitary confinement for a month; when his patience so gained on his jailer, that he allowed him for one hour a day, between eight and nine in the morning, to come out of his dungeon to breathe a better air, and to converse with his companions in another part of the castle. They then contrived means to procure a vestment, and other necessaries, to say Mass; which Davies celebrated every day; and afterwards punctually returned to his dungeon.

By degrees, the jailer became still more indulgent, insomuch that Davies and his companions wanted not opportunities of making their escape. But they would not requite their keeper's kindness by exposing him to the danger such a proceeding would entail upon him.

During this imprisonment, many had recourse to him for spiritual counsel, absolution, and comfort, from some forty miles round; and those who could not visit, wrote to him; so great was his reputation for sanctity. And others came to dispute with him; among others, one Mr Burgess, a noted preacher, who brought with him two sacks of books.

When the assizes came, Davies and his four companions were tried and condemned; and, no way dismayed, he immediately began the *Te Deum* with a joyful voice, in which the rest joined him;

till they were silenced by the officers. In the meantime, the people murmured aloud at the injustice of the sentence, till the judge, to appease them, ordered him back with his young companions to prison; till the Queen's pleasure should be known, but said that, as Davies was a priest, he must suffer the penalty of death; while the others might be excused.

After this, he was ordered from Beaumaris to Ludlow, where he was forced into a Protestant church to be present at the service, under pretence that it was only for a disputation. Here he called God and the angels to witness that he had been brought there by stratagem, and that he would die a thousand deaths rather than communicate willingly in a service of which he disapproved.

He was then ordered back to prison; then from Ludlow, to a dungeon of the most horrible character at Beudley, in company with felons; who, however, showed him attention and respect; thence to various other prisons, and at last back to Beaumaris again, to his great satisfaction, because the Roman religion was so little known there, he thought the people might benefit by his death.

Some gentlemen of his own faith, hearing of his removal there, formed the design of rescuing him, while on the road thither; but only hearing from them of their intention, he said that 'he would not go along with them.'

Here in the Castle of Beaumaris he found his four companions, who rejoiced to see him; and

with them he formed a kind of religious community; observing from this time till his death, the following order of life:—

They all rose at four in the morning, and employed one hour in private prayer. They recited together the hours of the divine office; and Mr Davies every day said Mass, with many tears which, though he strove to conceal them, he was not able, his heart being so brimful on these occasions. After Mass, they sang together the anthem, "O Sacrum Convivium," and then applied themselves to study. After meals they spent half an hour in reading the "Imitation of Christ," and other spiritual books. Then Mr Davies entertained them with discourses upon what they had read, or the lives of the saints. Then they recited the litanies of the Blessed Virgin, and the remainder of the evening was spent in study and prayer; and at night they recited together the litany of the saints, made their examination of conscience, and so went to rest. Twice in the week they confessed, and they communicated on all Sundays and holidays. Thus they spent the last six months of their stay in the Castle of Beaumaris. All this time, the holy Confessor, not content with the hardships and mortifications incident to imprisonment, wore, day and night, a rough penitential hair-shirt, woven like a net, which he concealed a long time, but, a little before his death, privately gave, as a token of his love, to one of his companions.

Again the assizes were held at Beaumaris, 1593. and Mr Davies was brought once more to the bar. The judges sought to shake his constancy by offering him, not pardon only, but a promise of probable promotion, if he would consent to go once to the Protestant church. But the good man was steadfast in his adhesion to his own Church and faith, and with a loud voice and cheerful countenance "blessed the Lord that he was now to be so happy as to shed his blood for the love of His Divine Majesty."

Some days passed before the sentence could be carried out, for the people had conceived so great a respect for the sanctity of Mr Davies, that not a man in the town would furnish, for love or money, anything necessary for that purpose; such as ladder, rope, wood, and caldron; much less could any one be found there who could be prevailed on to do the hangman's office; so that the sheriff was obliged to hire two fellows from a distant place to undertake the business, that if one failed, the other might perform the office; who, though they endeavoured to conceal the object of their arrival, yet, being suspected by the people, were shut out of every house they came to, and were pelted by the boys with stones.

Again an offer was made to the martyr by some gentlemen to rescue him out of the hands of the officers, on the morning designed for the butchery; but he earnestly entreated them "for the love of Jesus Christ, not to think of any such enterprise,

which would expose themselves to so great a danger, and do him no service."

Brought out to the hurdle on the morning of the 21st of July, and passing before the window where his companions of so many months of imprisonment stood to take their last farewell of their devoted priest and confessor, he turned towards them with a smiling countenance, and gave them his last benediction, which they received on their knees, with many tears; for which he rebuked them as unreasonable, since he was going to be delivered from all his sufferings, and to enter into the joy of his Lord.

On addressing the people at the gallows, who stood bareheaded to hear him, the sheriff stopped him, saying, he had not come there to preach, but to die.

Submitting to the orders, he simply made a short profession of his faith, and prayed that his innocent blood might not be laid to the charge of that island, &c.; then taking the rope, he kissed it, saying, "Thy yoke, O Lord, is sweet, and Thy burthen is light."

Cut down while yet living, the usual butchery was performed, and his clothes, dyed in his blood, were purchased by his companions; and the hangman, falling not long after into the hands of justice for some crime, declared at the gallows that, "of all he had done in his life, nothing troubled his conscience so much as having imbrued his hands in the blood of so holy a man;" confessing that "God

had justly on that account brought him to suffer so shameful a death."

As to Mr Fulk, who had caused Mr Davies to be apprehended, from being a rich man, in a year's time afterwards he was obliged to sell all his substance, and having neither money nor credit, and despised by all, he privately withdrew, and was heard of in his former place no more. The constable also, who had apprehended the martyr, was seized immediately afterwards with an inflammation of the great toe of the right foot, accompanied with violent pain; which spread over all his right side, and, in spite of the endeavours of the surgeons, corrupted the whole body, which emitted so loathsome a stench, insupportable to himself as to others, till death supervened and ended his sufferings, so far as his present existence was concerned. Thus was most remarkably fulfilled the words of the royal Psalmist, "He ordaineth His arrows against the persecutors."

Mr Davies suffered on the 21st of July 1593, after about sixteen months' imprisonment.

What afterwards became of three of his youthful companions we cannot tell; but the youngest was put into the hands of a country schoolmaster, to be whipped into a conformity with the Church as by law established; but he found means to escape over into Ireland, where, meeting with a young gentleman, his former schoolfellow, he persuaded him to be reconciled to the Roman obedience; and they went over into Spain, to the college of Valladolid,

where they were living at the time the Bishop of Tarrasona was writing his account of Mr Davies' martyrdom, viz., in 1598. Bishop Yepez gives an account of his sufferings in his "History of the Persecution," I. 5, c. 8, from the relation of one of his companions and fellow-prisoners. Also the story is recorded in the "Douay Diary," and in Challoner's "Memoirs of Missionary Priests."

HENRY WALPOLE, priest, was born of an ancient family in Norfolk, and was the eldest of many sons of his pious Roman Catholic parents. Educated partly at Cambridge, partly at Oxford, he was sent to London to study the law, and took chambers in Gray's-inn for that purpose.

In the meantime he was a great reader of controversy, by which he became confirmed in his religious faith, and gained proselytes to it—the sweetness of his temper contributing to his success in his discussions.

In fine, he incurred the displeasure of the government, and he went abroad to consecrate himself still more closely to the service of God. He went to Rheims, according to the "Douay Journal," on the 7th of July 1582. Here he has this eulogium: "7° die Julij ex Anglia ad nos venit D. Henricus Walpole, vir discretus, gravis et pius." He afterwards went to Rome, and subsequently entered the "Society of Jesus." Three of his brothers followed his example, and a fourth, to secure his

conscience, became an officer in the Spanish service in the Netherlands.

After some years spent in Italy, and his health failing, he was sent into Lorraine, and thence to Flanders, where, travelling on foot, he fell into the hands of a party of Calvinists, then in arms against the king of Spain. By them he was taken to Flushing, where he suffered much in prison for the space of a year, at the end of which time one of his brothers procured his liberty.

It would occupy too much space to tell of all the missions upon which he was sent on the continent. He returned to his native land at last, according to his own desire, and, landing by night at Flamborough Head in Yorkshire, December 4th, 1593, he was apprehended with his two companions at a place called Killam, within the short space of twenty-four hours.

Three days after he was taken to York, examined by the Earl of Huntingdon, then lord president of the north; owned himself to be a priest, and forthwith committed to jail till the 25th of February, when, by order of the Privy Council, he was sent to the Tower. Here he remained for a year; and here, apart from other hardships, he suffered the torture no less than fourteen times, as he himself declared a little before his death.

The Bishop of Tarrasona gives a full account of his various examinations, as also his constancy in resisting every inducement to conform to Protest-

antism, and his refusal to be rescued by friends that desired to attempt it.

Again he was sent to York, there to be tried; and there condemned, for the sake of his priesthood, to the death of a traitor. The sentence was pronounced on the Saturday following his trial, April 5th, and he was desired to prepare for death on Monday the 7th.

He received the sentence with joy and thanksgiving, and was visited by many during the time allowed him for preparation.

Mr Alexander Rawlins being appointed to suffer first, they showed the good priest his brother then in quartering; offering life, once more, if he would conform to the Protestant religion—a matter of little consequence to them, had treason been the real ground of their objection to him. But his faith and patience failed not in that hour of extremest trial, and he only professed his faith and prayed for all accessory to his death.

They cut him down alive, and then completed their barbarous work, while many of the beholders wept around him.

The Earl of Huntingdon, the great persecutor of the northern Roman Catholics, died within that same year.

The following are a few extracts from the martyr's letters, copied from a MS. at St Omer's. To Father Richard, a missioner, he writes:—

"I know not as yet what will become of me; but whatever shall happen, by the grace of God, it shall

be welcome; for in every place, north or south, east or west, He is at hand; and the wings of His protection and government are stretched forth to every place where they are who truly serve and worship Him, and study to promote the glory and honour of His most holy and most precious name. I trust that He will be glorified in me, whether in life or death.

"Some come to dispute with me, but with clamours and empty words, more than with solid arguments.

"I recommend your reverence to our guardian angel, and to all the court of heaven, and, above all, to our Lord Jesus Christ. *Memento mei.*"

Another letter to the same, after his examination by Topcliffe, we give much abridged:—

"Your reverence's letters give me great comfort; but if I could but see you, though it were but for one hour, it would be of greater service to me than I can possibly express. I hope that what is wanting my sweet Lord Jesus will supply by other means; whose heavenly comfort and assistance has always hitherto stood by me in my greatest necessities, and, I am persuaded, will continue to do so, since His love for us is everlasting. . . .

"I want very much to have a book or two for a few hours; but if I cannot have them, Jesus, our God and Lord, is at hand, and He is the eternal wisdom.

"Your reverence will be pleased to pray to Him that He may always stand by me, and that all things may turn out to His glory. . . .

"I am much astonished that so vile a creature as I am should be so near, as they tell me, to the crown of martyrdom; but this I know for certain, that the blood of my most blessed Saviour and Redeemer, and His most sweet love, is able to make me worthy of it— 'omnia possum in eo qui me comfortat.'

"Your reverence, most loving father, is engaged in the midst of the battle.

"I sit here an idle spectator of the field; yet King David has appointed an equal portion for us both; and love, charity, and union, which unites us together in Jesus Christ our Lord, makes us mutually partakers of one another's merits. . . .

"About mid-Lent, I hope my lot will be decided either for life or death. . . . I beg your reverence to join your holy prayers with my poor ones, that I may walk worthy of that high and holy Name and profession to which I am called, which I trust in the mercy of our Lord He will grant me, . . . through the merits of my most sweet Saviour, that I may be always ready, whether by living or dying, to glorify Him; which will be for my eternal happiness. And if my unworthiness and demerits shall keep me at present at a distance from the crown, I will strive to deserve it by a greater solicitude and diligence for the future. And if in His mercy our Lord shall grant me now to wash my garments in the Blood of the Lamb, I hope to follow Him for ever clothed in white. . . . May Jesus be always with your reverence. 'Oremus pro invicem.'"

We could here give the reader the good father's defence at his trial, under Judge Beaumont, but this would occupy too much space in so small a volume. Suffice it, therefore, to furnish only a few extracts from a letter of Father Henry Garnet, the Superior of the English Jesuits, respecting the treatment the good man experienced in the Tower, and after his return to York, written October 23d, 1595, and translated from the Bishop of Tarrasona's History, pp. 695, 696. (See also Bishop Challoner's "Memoirs of Missionary Priests," vol. i. 347.)

"Blessed Father Walpole met in the Tower of London with the greatest misery, so that the lieutenant himself, though otherwise a hard-hearted, barbarous man, inquired after some of his relations, and told them he was in extraordinary want—without bed, without clothes, or anything to cover him, at a season when the cold was most piercing, so that though himself an enemy, he had given him a little straw to sleep on. Besides this, the Father himself, in public court, declared that he had been tortured fourteen times, and it is very well known how cruel any one of these tortures is which are now in use. For it is a common thing to hang them up in the air six or seven hours by the hands; and by means of certain irons which hold their hands fast, and cut them, they shed much blood in the torture.

"The force of this torment may be gathered from what happened last Lent to a laic, called James Atkinson, whom they most cruelly tortured

in this manner, to oblige him to accuse his own master, and other Catholics and priests, and kept him so long in the torture that at last he was taken away for dead, after many hours' suffering, and, in effect, died in two hours.

"Some time after they carried the Father (Walpole) back to York. In all that journey he never went to bed to rest after the fatigues of the day; but his sleep was upon the bare ground. In the prison of York, he had nothing but one poor mat three feet long, on which he made his prayer upon his knees for a great part of the night; and when he slept it was upon the ground, leaning upon the same mat. Besides his prayers, he spent his time in making English verses, in which he had a particular talent and grace; for before he left the kingdom he had made a poem upon the martyrdom of Father Campion, which was so much taken notice of by the public, that, the author not being known, the gentleman who published it was condemned by the Council to lose his ears, and to pass the remainder of his days in prison; in which, after some years, he made a pious end."

Dod, in his "Church History of England," mentions him briefly in vol. ii. p. 148, and says his relations were "persons of figure and substance."

Mrs Ann Line, gentlewoman, was a widow of an infirm constitution of body, troubled with almost continual headaches, and, withal, inclining to a

dropsy; and so ill every spring and fall that her friends, at these seasons, feared she would be carried off by death. "But her soul was strong and vigorous," says Dr Champney in his MS. History, "and ever tending by spiritual exercises to Christian perfection. Her devotion was unfeigned; she received the Blessed Sacrament at least once a week, and always with abundance of tears. Her conversation was edifying, willingly discoursing on spiritual subjects and not on worldly vanities; and what was particularly remarkable in her was, the desire she had of ending her days by martyrdom."

On Candlemas-day 1601, it being suspected that Mrs Line entertained a priest, her house was beset at the very time that Mass was actually beginning.

As the door was strongly barred, they were forced to wait some time before they could come in; and, in the meantime, the priest, Mr Page, had time to unvest himself and escape. After the officers had broken in, they searched every corner of the house, and seized upon everything that they imagined to savour of Popery, but found no priest. However, they hurried away Mrs Line to prison, and with her Mrs Gage, daughter to Baron Copley, whom they found in the house. Mrs Gage, by the interest of a certain nobleman, was, after some time, set at liberty; but Mrs Line was brought upon her trial at the Old Bailey, before the Lord Chief Justice Popham, a bitter enemy of the Catholics.

She was carried to her trial in a chair, being

at that time so weak and ill she could not walk. The evidence against her was very slender, resting chiefly on the testimony of one Marriot, who deposed that he saw a man in her house, dressed in white, who, as he would have it, was certainly a priest. However, any witness was strong enough with Mr Popham against a Papist, and, directed by him, the jury brought in Mrs Line guilty of having harboured a seminary priest; and the judge pronounced sentence of death upon the prisoner, and sent her back to Newgate to prepare for execution. When the keeper acquainted her with the fact that the death-warrant was signed, and when afterwards she was carried out to execution, she showed not the least change in her countenance.

At Tyburn, when just ready to die, she declared to the standers-by, with a loud voice, "I am sentenced to die for harbouring a Catholic priest; and so far I am from repenting for having so done, that I wish with all my soul that where I have entertained one I could have entertained a thousand."

She suffered before the two priests; and Mr Barkworth, whose combat came on the next, embraced her dead body, whilst it was yet hanging, and exclaimed, "O blessed Mrs Line, who hast now happily received thy reward. Thou art gone before us, but we shall quickly follow thee to bliss, if it please the Almighty."

And assuredly the martyred saint realised the

blessing promised by Him who said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these, ye did it unto me."

Mrs Line was executed February 27th, 1601. (See Dr Dod, vol. ii. p. 180.)

Stow mentions her martyrdom briefly thus :—

"The 27th February, Marke Bakworth and Thomas Filcoks, seminary priests, were drawne to Tybourne, and there hanged and quartered, for coming into.

"Also, the same day, and in the same place, was hanged a gentlewoman, called Mistris Anne Line, a widow, for relieving a priest." (Page 792.)

Mr Page, on whose account Mrs Line suffered, was afterwards apprehended, and having been tried, as she was, before the Lord Chief Justice Popham, a cruel persecutor, was condemned and executed, April 20th, 1602. He was of a gentleman's family, at Harrow-on-the-Hill, Middlesex.

He had first been a lawyer, and had given that up, and also a most advantageous marriage with a young gentlewoman, to whom he was much attached, to become a priest of the Roman Church.

Lawrence Humphreys, a layman, was born in Hampshire of Protestant parents. He became a highly religious young man, and zealous in disputing over doctrinal points. Convinced by the conferences he had with Father Stauney, and a sermon

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preached by him on the "Real Presence," he joined the Roman communion.

When raving in a paroxysm of fever, he said that the Queen was a heretic; which being overheard, before he was recovered he was committed to Winchester jail. At his trial he was asked of what religion he was. He replied, "By the grace of God, I am a Catholic; and am very willing to die for the Catholic faith and religion." The judge asked what he meant by "a Catholic." He answered, "I mean by a Catholic, one who, being baptized, professeth in word and work the Catholic faith and religion delivered by the apostles to the Universal Church, and maintained by their successors."

The judge then pulled out a rosary with a little crucifix, and said, "See, here is the god whom you worship."

But Lawrence replied, "Not so, my lord; but that crucifix brings to my remembrance how much my Lord and Saviour suffered upon the cross for me, a most miserable sinner."

Then the judge asked him how he came to say that the Queen was a heretic.

Lawrence answered with a most solemn asseveration, that before God and His angels, he could not possibly remember that he had ever in his life spoken any such words; but that, since divers witnesses affirmed it, he should not obstinately deny it; but should willingly suffer what punishment he should inflict on him.

In fine, he was condemned to die, and was sent back first to prison, where he occupied himself in prayer, prostrate on the ground. He made a public confession of his faith at the gallows, and made the sign of the cross upon it, which being observed by the hangman, he scoffed at him, saying,

> "Thou hast served the Pope,
> But he has brought to the rope,
> And the hangman shall have thy coat."

Lawrence smiled at his rhymes, which the other took in ill part, and gave him a great box on the ear. The good young man meekly replied, "Why do you do so to me? I never in my life gave you any cause to treat me in this manner."

He was executed at Winchester in the twenty-first year of his age, 1591.

At the time of which we now have to treat, Queen Elizabeth was dead, and some abatement of the persecution was expected. At first, matters seemed to promise well. But it was not long before James I. ordered all priests to depart out of the kingdom, including those who were at that time in prison, and remain in banishment for ever. (See "Howe's Chronicle," p. 834.)

Stow also records that "The fourth of June this yeare, 1610, the king by proclamation commanded all Romayne priests and seminaries to depart this kingdome by the fourth day of July next, and not to returne upon pain of severity of the law." (Page 906.)

But this was not the only cruel and aggressive

act towards his Roman Catholic subjects, on the part of the king.

Let the reader judge for himself.

JOHN SUGAR, priest, was born at Womborn, in Staffordshire, of a noted family in those parts, and was educated at Merton College, Oxford; and afterwards went to the English College at Douay; was made priest, and sent on the mission to England. Here he was much engaged in spiritual labours amongst the poor in the counties of Warwick, Stafford, and Worcestershire.

To make the story of his pious, humble, and charitable life as brief as possible, suffice it to say that the persecutors arrested and committed him and a brother companion to prison at Warwick, where they were left a whole year. Mr Burgoyne, being then a justice of the county, having sent a warrant to catch him on the 8th of July, in the first year of King James, Judge Kingsmill condemned him, for being a priest, to be hanged, drawn, and quartered, at the meeting of the Assizes in that month the following year.

When his friends came to see him on the morning of his execution, he said, "Be ye all merry, for we have not occasion of sorrow, but of joy; for although I shall have a sharp dinner, yet, I trust, in Jesus Christ, I shall have a most sweet supper."

He also desired God to forgive the judge and all his apprehenders and persecutors. As he

passed on the hurdle to the gallows, he gave money to fifty poor people. Being arrived, he prayed, and that being done, he was stripped to his shirt, and, going up the ladder, he said, "I thank God I can climb pretty well to-day;" and as he stood upon it, he said very cheerfully to the people, "Be it known to you, good people, that I come hither to die for my conscience." After a few more remarks, a rope was put round his neck by a boy of eighteen. The martyr blessed the rope with the sign of the cross, saying, "I came into the world with the sign of the cross, and with the sign of the cross I go out of it again."

"How dost thou prove that?" said the under-sheriff.

"I make account," said Mr Sugar, "that I was not in this world as a Christian, till I was signed with the sign of the cross in baptism; for then I first received my spiritual birth." He then prayed for the King, Queen, and Prince, and forgave all accessory to his death, by name. Then the hangman said, "I pray you, good father, forgive me too."—"I forgive thee, boy, with all my heart," said he. Then turning to the people with a cheerful countenance, he said, "Good people, I die willingly, for I shall get a place of joy; and I beseech Jesus to receive my soul; and I beseech all the company of angels, martyrs, and saints to accompany my soul to that blessed place. I desire to be dissolved and to be with Christ, and

I beseech God that all that are here present may be partakers of that joy to which I am going.

Then he cried, "Jesus, Jesus! receive my soul!" Unto which the people responded, "Amen, amen." Being asked if he were ready, he said, "I am ready in Jesus."

Thereupon he was turned off the ladder and cut down before he was dead, and the usual butchery enacted, adding that of cutting off his head, and then setting his quarters on the gates of Warwick. He suffered on the 16th of July 1604.

Robert Grissold (or Greswold), layman, was born at Romington, Warwickshire, and was servant to Mr Sheldon of Broadway in Worcestershire, and was an unlearned, but simple, upright, holy man. He was apprehended by his cousin Clement Grissold, and taken with Mr Sugar before Mr Burgoyne.

During his trial, a justice of peace said, "Grissold, Grissold, go to church, or else thou shalt be hanged." —"Then, God's will be done," he replied.

The morning before he suffered he spent an hour in prayer; and seeing a woman in the prison weeping for him, he said, "Good woman, why do you weep? Here is no place of weeping, but of rejoicing; for you must come into the Bridegroom's chamber not with tears, but with rejoicing." The woman replied, "I hoped you should have had your life."—"I do not want it now," he rejoined, "for I should be loth to lose this opportunity

offered me to die. God's will be done." Then a Roman Catholic maid said, "It is well said, friend Robert, for it is nothing to suffer death for so good a cause." Whereupon he said to those present, "Look that ye all continue to the end." As he went on foot to the gallows one said he had better go a cleaner way, and not follow Mr Sugar through the mire; to whom he replied, "I have not thus far followed him to leave him now for a little mire;" and so through the mire he went after him.

Arrived at the place of his martyrdom, he prayed a good while on his knees, and though by nature he was so timorous and weak—he once had swooned on pricking his thumb with an awl—yet by the grace of God he was so strengthened that even the spectacle of Mr Sugar's bleeding body when quartered in no way terrified him; but, on the contrary, when a good woman stepped between him and the horrible sight when the butchery was going on, lest it should terrify him, he took her by the arm and said, "Stand away, for I thank God the sight doth nothing terrify me."

Seeing the halter with which he was to be hanged, he took and dipped it in Mr Sugar's blood, and, ascending the ladder, said, "Bear witness, good people, that I die here not for theft, nor for felony, but for my conscience." He then forgave his persecutors, and the hangman said his "Confiteor." Often calling upon the Name of Jesus, and commending his soul into the hands of Almighty God, he was turned off the ladder, and hung till dead.

By the under-sheriff's permission his body was buried near the gallows. He suffered on July 16th, 1604. Dr Dod gives an account of him, vol. ii. p. 160.

In the year 1606 no less than forty-seven priests were sent, out of different prisons, into perpetual banishment, together with two who were not yet ordained. One of the former, THOMAS BRAMSTON, died at Douay College, aged 66; after having been for twenty years a prisoner in Wisbeach Castle on account of his faith, and twice banished.

We here pass over, as before in the course of this brief history, many names of faithful martyrs, till we come to the year 1616, when, amongst others, we meet with the name of the poor weaver ROGER WRENNO, of whom we will only relate that the rope breaking from the weight of his body, he fell to the ground. Upon this his life was again offered him, on condition of his taking the oath and recanting his former profession. On this, having come to himself, he rose from prayer, in which he had engaged while they were tempting him; he replied, "I am the same man I was, and in the same mind; use your pleasure with me." And with that he went up the ladder as fast as he could.

"How now?" said the sheriff; "what does the man mean, that he is in such haste?"

"Oh, if you had seen that which I have just seen," said the good man, "you would be as much in haste to die as I now am."

A stronger rope was then put about his neck, and he was sent into "the joy of his Lord," a foretaste of which, like the holy Stephen, he had already been vouchsafed. March 18th, 1616.

THOMAS MAXFIELD, priest, was descended from an ancient family in Staffordshire. His life was published by Dr Kellison, from an account sent to Douay by an eye-witness of his last conflict.

His father, a man of great piety, had suffered much for his religion, and besides the confiscation of his estate, and a close imprisonment of many years, was actually under sentence of death when this son was born; his wife being at the same time a close prisoner for the same cause. This son of his studied and prepared himself for the priesthood at Douay; and three months after his exercising the duties of his vocation in England, he was seized, while on his knees before the altar after Mass, violently dragged away, examined before some of the Protestant bishops, and sent to the Gate-house.

For eight months he laboured in the prison for the souls' good of his fellow-prisoners. His zeal, however, for a wider sphere of usefulness made him desire to effect his escape; which design he communicated to a fellow-priest, praying during several days for heavenly guidance in the matter, that he should act as should be most conducive to the divine honour and glory.

And thus, on the 24th of June 1616, he let himself down, in the dead of the night, from a high window, by a cord. But no sooner had he reached the ground than, to his surprise, he found himself held fast in the arms of an unknown person, who by loud cries alarmed the neighbourhood.

Turnkeys, watchmen, and others, soon came running to the spot, and after having beaten and dragged him, they thrust him under a table, putting a massive collar of iron about his neck, to which they fastened a ponderous chain of a hundredweight, and in this painful posture they left him for some hours, till the morning.

Now, in the Gate-house there was a subterraneous dungeon, a deep and dark hole, filthy in the extreme, not having been in use for some time. In this place there was a pair of wooden stocks, of a strange contrivance, made not so much to secure as to torture the prisoner. In this machine Maxfield's feet were fastened in such manner that he could neither stand upright, nor lie down, nor even turn or move his body so as to find ease. To this torment was added one still more intolerable to human nature, from the swarms of venomous insects, generated in the filth and moisture of the vault; which, by their creeping over his body, fast bound by this infernal machine, sorely annoyed him, without his being able to make the least defence against them.

For above seventy hours the poor martyr was obliged to endure the torments of this den—the

darkness, stench, and horror, added to the cruel sufferings of this unnatural position in which he was confined—that is, from before daybreak on Friday morning till Monday night, without the least intermission; when a warrant was sent from the Council for his removal to Newgate, in order to take his trial.

There was something so very barbarous in the treatment he received, that the whole prison compassionated him, and sought to give him relief, insomuch that they raised a plank, opened a small passage over the dungeon, through which they spoke to him, and, pitying his extreme sufferings, they threw him an old blanket to cover him, he being before almost naked. A priest, also a prisoner, whom he had employed as a confessor, ventured to come to this hole to comfort him, and exhort him to patience and courage. But what surprised this good father was to find him so far from dejected amidst all his sufferings, that his soul appeared abounding in heavenly consolations.

When dragged out of this den of abominations on Monday night, living, but his face pale like that of a corpse, and being so exhausted with hunger and want of rest, that he fainted away continually, his hands and feet were so benumbed as to have lost all feeling and use, insomuch that it was some time before he could move.

They fettered his arms, helpless as they were, and forced him to walk from Westminster to New-

gate. Here, amidst a gang of felons, he was loaded with irons, having only the bare floor to rest upon; and, feeble as he was, he exerted his influence among his ungodly companions to bring them to repentance. The keepers were soon acquainted with the fact; but, regarding him as a dead man, his trial being so near at hand, they winked at it, but removed him from amongst them, and placed him, to his great comfort, among his brother priests.

On Wednesday the 26th of June 1616, Mr Maxfield was tried on the indictment for having taken priest's orders, and exercising the same in England. Confessing freely that the charge was a true one, he was remanded to Newgate, locked up alone, loaded with irons, and strictly prevented from receiving visits. Next day he was again brought to the bar, when the judge offered him his life if he would take the oath of allegiance; so worded, as it was, to compromise his faith and religious principles. Upon which the confessor replied, that he acknowledged King James as his true and lawful sovereign, to whom he bore a faithful allegiance, and would do so on oath, provided it were without certain clauses contrary to the truth and the Catholic religion. But while he was speaking, he was interrupted, and bade by the court to attend to his sentence; which was, that he should be hanged, cut down alive, and all the rest of the usual barbarous mutilations and butchery should be performed upon him.

Strict orders were sent to Newgate, whither he

was again removed, that he should see none of his friends, nor any of the same religion. However, among some others who made interest to see him, a lady of quality found means to pay him a charitable visit; who declared herself much comforted and edified with his heavenly discourses and saintly comportment. The Spanish Ambassador went to court to solicit pardon for him; which petition being refused, he asked for a reprieve; but he was told he must wait till Tuesday for the final answer. This was Sunday, and the death-warrant was signed for Monday. However, he sent his own son to see Mr Maxfield personally in Newgate, with his director, F. Diacus de Puente, a man of great learning and piety, of the order of St Dominic, who, with some other Spaniards, obtained admittance to comfort him, and desire his prayers for themselves, the ambassador, their king, and the whole Spanish nation; assuring him no efforts should be spared to obtain a reprieve.

They found him loaded with chains, but modest and calm under his sufferings, in his dark dungeon.

On witnessing his fortitude, and listening to his heavenly discourse, they were so deeply moved that they threw themselves at his feet, kissed his hands and his chains, beseeching him, with tears, to know how they might be serviceable to him in one way or another.

Maxfield thanked them, but said he "needed only their prayers that he might obtain God's grace to persevere to the end, being very sensible of his

own weakness and insufficiency." He also desired them to recommend the college at Douay to his majesty of Spain, soliciting for it a continuance of the annual pension which his royal predecessor, Phillip II., had settled on it.

On taking leave of him and returning home, the Rev. Confessor caused the Blessed Sacrament to be exposed in the ambassador's chapel, where the family and others spent the night in prayer, in behalf of the saintly man about to die for his faith next day.

Very early in the morning (July 1st) his irons were struck off, and he was removed as quietly as possible, that his fellow-prisoners might not see him, or receive his last blessing. However, as he passed the window, he turned towards it, and with an audible voice bade them all adieu; then, crossing himself and the crowd, he quietly lay down on the sledge.

To prevent a great concourse of people, his adversaries had not only chosen this early hour, but also arranged to have a woman burnt at Smithfield, in hopes that this would cause a considerable diversion, and draw people that way; but all was to no purpose. They thronged from all parts, till the streets, windows, and balconies were full; and both on horse and on foot were many Roman Catholics "of fashion," both English and foreign, who accompanied him to the place of his execution at Tyburn, the Spaniards distinguishing themselves by joining in a body, and forcing their way through

the crowd, in spite of many affronts, the while exhorting the confessor to constancy and perseverance, and begging for his prayers and blessing with bowed and uncovered heads.

This greatly mortified some people, who wished they could have carried out their sanguinary will in a more private way, knowing the odium they were bringing upon themselves as Protestants.

But a still further vexation was in store for them, for when they reached Tyburn they found the gibbet beautifully adorned with wreaths of flowers and garlands, and the ground all covered with odoriferous herbs and greens, in honour of the martyr about to suffer there, and of the sacred cause for which his blood was to be shed!

Mr Maxfield, being now in the cart, turned to the people, and with a serene countenance (we only give a few of his words) thus addressed them:

"Dear countrymen, my return to England was not in any kind to intermeddle with State affairs, but only to be serviceable to the souls of my dear fellow-countrymen, by endeavouring to remove their errors, and bring them back to the faith of their ancestors. God forbid that I should undertake a business of this consequence without authority of superiors. I was sent and commissioned to preach to you by the same apostolic See which formerly sent St Augustine and his companions into this country to instruct our Saxon ancestors in the faith of Jesus Christ."

This is but an extract of the speech recorded;

and before he had concluded he was interrupted by the sheriff. So after praying for the king and all his persecutors, and beseeching God to forgive them all, he resigned himself to the hands of the executioner.

When the rope was put round his neck, he stretched forth his hand and blessed the people, many of whom knelt bareheaded; and asking their prayers for his departing soul, he said aloud, "Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit."

He had been hanging a very little while, when the sheriff cried out to the executioner to cut the rope and butcher him alive, according to the sentence; but the crowd opposed it, and by loud reproaches testified their horror of such a barbarous proposition; and so the executioner held his hands, and the martyr was permitted to hang till insensible to all pain, when the rest of the sentence was carried out. But the sheriff, frustrated by the voice of the people from carrying his purpose into effect while the poor victim was alive, determined to show his zeal in some way after his death; and he forbade, on pain of imprisonment, that any one should dare to carry off any part of his body, or of his garments, or even of the straw upon which the body was mutilated; and he ordered a pit to be made near the gallows of an unusual depth, into which he threw the mangled limbs, and over them two half-decomposed carcases of felons, that had been buried there a month before, and upon these the bodies

of thirteen malefactors, who were executed that same day, pressing down a great quantity of earth upon them; and so thought he had effectually accomplished his purpose.

But some zealous young men came that night, opened the pit, and took out the mangled remains to have them more decently interred elsewhere.

He suffered on the 1st of July 1616.

In a letter of his to Dr Kellison, then president of Douay College (the original still preserved in the college), he writes thus:

"MOST REVEREND AND DEAR FATHER, . . . I must in nowise omit to write to you, being, peradventure, the last time that ever I must salute you; for that now I expect, with some hopes (if so unworthy a wretch may presume to hope for so great a dignity), to end my days in the just quarrel of my Lord and Master Christ Jesu. . . .

"I am to be produced to my answer upon Wednesday or Thursday next, there to receive my trial on life and death—the happiest news and tidings that ever I heard. God give me strength and courage, and make me glorify His glorious name by my death, and fill up the number of my glorified brethren that are gone before me. . . .

"I am forced, dear good sir, to be brief, through the much company that cometh to me at this present, and other necessary business; but I hope you will pardon me, and accept of this as a token of great good-will. I am your poor debtor, and

if I live I will one day defray all; and if otherwise, I hope you will remit it.

And so, in haste, being called to the grate by the sheriff's man, I bid you, dear father, farewell in Christ Jesus.—Your ever most dutiful,

"THOMAS MAXFIELD."

In Dr Oliver's "Collections" we find a history of the Rev. JOHN SANDS (or SANDYS), p. 101, extracted from a contemporary MS., which, in the year 1690, was in the archivium of the English College at Rome. Dr Oliver says that, before the Reformation, Gloucestershire was richer in religious foundations than many counties in England, boasting of its four mitred abbeys, viz., Cirencester, St Peter's at Gloucester, Tewkesbury, and Winchcombe, while it abounded in priories, cells, and hospitals. Possibly the avarice of the upstart possessors of the suppressed monasteries served to sharpen the sword of persecution; and the sanguinary cruelty of the enemies of Rome was surpassed in no other county.

To return to John Sands. He was ordained at Rheims, and came on the English mission in 1584. Labouring diligently in his ministry, he was apprehended, and for his priestly character condemned to die the death of a traitor.

Paul Tracye, of Stanwey, then sheriff of the county, assisted at his barbarous execution in Gloucester, on 2nd August 1586.

"When they had condemned him," says the

manuscript history, "they could find none for any money to murther him; they could hyre noe knife or other instrument in all the town to mangle him. At last they found a most base companion, who yet was ashamed to be seen in that bloudy action; for he blacked and disfigured his face, and gott an old rusty knife, full of teeth, like a sickle; with that he killed him. The holy martyr requested the sheriff (who was Paule Tracye, of Stanwaye) to suffer him to hang until he dyed. He then granted the request, yet caused him to be cutt downe as soon as he was cast off the ladder. The holy man was nothing past himself, but sayd, 'O Mr Sheriff, you have not kept your promise.' Unto which Mr Tracye replied not, but commanded his men to pull down the traitor, and the hangman to bowell him, and *himself* laid first hands on him. The hangman did his bloudy office; and when he had pulled out his bowells, the blessed saint cryed ever, with St Stephen, 'Lord, forgive my persecutors;' and soe fell asleep in our Lord."

We find him mentioned in Dr Challoner's "Memoirs of Missionary Priests," (vol. i. p. 198.)

WILLIAM WARD (otherwise called WEBSTER, which was his true name) was born, we are told by Dod, at Thornley in Westmoreland, and educated at Oxford, where he was for seven years a member of Brazennose College. Afterwards, travelling into Spain with a Mr Dutton, a Roman Catholic gentleman, he was converted to that faith, and on his return to Eng-

land, was so open in the practice of his religion, that he became a great sufferer on that account, and at different times was under confinement, nearly ten years at a time! Meantime, he brought over his mother to the same belief, and being now about thirty-eight years of age, he went to the English college at Douay, where, on September 18th, 1504, he was admitted; and being ordained priest, he returned to England upon the mission.

He exercised his function many years in and near London, and took a singular pleasure in instructing the poorer sort of people that inhabited cellars and garrets. He was often threatened with apprehension, persons lying in wait for him; and his nephew, also a priest, hearing that he exposed himself too much, took a journey to London to persuade him to return with him into the country, where he had provided a place of retreat for him, as he was now old and worn out with labour. But the good man could not be induced to go, resolving to finish his days amongst his old acquaintances.

In the year 1641, a proclamation coming out for apprehending persons of his character, one Mayo, a priest-catcher, observing him haunt the house of Mr John Wooton, his nephew, obtained a search-warrant, and seized him in bed, and so hurried him to prison, July 15th; and on the 21st of the same month, he was tried.

Mayo appeared against him, deposed that he had been acquainted with his character for many years, that he had confessed his sins to him, and

received the Sacrament of him nineteen years ago. Others appeared against him, and he defended himself cautiously and modestly.

As usual in such cases, the verdict was that he was guilty; and he was condemned.

The day before he suffered, he said Mass in Newgate, and several received the Sacrament at his hands. He had always been negligent in his dress; but on this occasion he put on a clean cap, with a band and cuffs, according to the fashion of the time.

As he left the prison, he gave Mr Johnson, the keeper a piece of gold. At the place of execution, he made a short speech, owning himself to be a priest, and that he had converted many to his own faith, but had never diverted any from due allegiance to the king. He prayed on his knees, then gave the sheriff forty shillings to be distributed among poor Catholics, half-a-crown to the executioner, and two shillings to the man who drove the sledge. Then taking his inkhorn, handkerchief, and some odd things out of his pocket, he threw them among the crowd.

He suffered at Tyburn, July 26th, 1641, aged about eighty years. His life was almost a continued series of troubles and persecutions from the time he embraced the Roman faith. Twenty out of the forty from that time till his martyrdom were spent in prison; and he was three times sent into banishment.

His dress, writes a friend of his, was very plain and coarse, to be suitable for associating with the

poor among whom he spent his life. "His carriage," he says, "was grave and awful. He was no orator; but supplied that defect by his excellent judgment in giving advice. He was naturally choleric, and was much troubled with headache and other complaints. Having a sufficiency of private means, he denied himself in clothing and in his manner of diet, that he might the better assist the poor."

The Oxford historian, Mr Wood, differs a little in his account of him, and says he was son of Robert Ward, and born in Cumberland, and that his missionary life had lasted but twenty-four years when he suffered, and that he sometimes went by the name of Walker, and Slaughter. (See Dr Dod, "Church History of England," vol. iii. book ii. pp. 95, 96.)

From Dr Challoner's Memoirs, we find a much longer account of him. It appears that although not given to preaching sermons, his daily conversation and his personal life were sermons in themselves.

To the careless he used to say, that "heaven was not so cheap as they thought, but must be bought at a dearer rate than they seemed to value it at. That it was not easy to be saints in heaven, if we were not first saints here, and, by a perfect charity, united to God."

The writer of the letter concerning him goes on to say, "In all the time I knew this holy man, I could never hear him relate any passage, or speak of any subject, but it either began or ended with a memory of Almighty God's service. . . . A man

might see he had always God in his mind, and his own soul in his hand, as if every one of his thoughts, words, and deeds had been a matter that concerned his soul's salvation; as, in truth, it was to him, and is to every one of us, if we reflect, as he did, well upon ourselves."

It is evident that the Oxford historian, Mr Wood, made a mistake in thinking his priesthood had been so brief a one, since we find that at the place of his execution, he told the Sheriff of Middlesex he had been a priest about forty years,—confirming Dr Dod's account.

HUGH GREEN (sometimes going by the name of FERDINAND BROOKS) was born in London. His father was a citizen and goldsmith in St Giles' in the City; his parents were both Protestants. At Cambridge he took an A.B. degree, and had the care of two young gentlemen, says Dod (vol. iii. book ii. p. 86), of distinction, Mr Solms and Mr Richardson. Afterwards he travelled abroad, and became a convert to the Roman faith, and was admitted into the English college at Douay in 1609, being at that time about twenty-four years of age. Sent on the mission to England after his ordination, he exercised his functions for several years in various parts of England, but was at last apprehended, and committed to Dorchester jail, tried, and condemned, after a five months' imprisonment.

When sentence was pronounced upon him by judge Foster, he received it with a smiling coun-

tenance, and great serenity of mind, pronouncing these words, "*Sit nomen domini benedictum.*"

Condemned on a Wednesday, he was to suffer next day, but Mr Cantilow, the sheriff, was prevailed upon to postpone it till Friday.

From the time sentence was passed upon him, he never went to bed—eating only a little bread, all the time appearing pleasant and cheerful. When brought to the fatal place, he knelt at the foot of the ladder and prayed, some Catholics joining with him. Then mounting the ladder, he made a profession of his faith. Making the sign of the cross, he pulled the cap over his face, and he was turned off.

The hangman then, either through unskilfulness or want of presence of mind, placed the noose of the cord on the nape of his neck, and thus, after being cut down in a few minutes, he was perfectly sensible, and able to sit upright upon the ground and view the multitude around him. The person who undertook to quarter him, was one Barefoot, a barber, whose mother and sister were Catholics; and he being very timorous when he found he was about to attack a living man, Mr Green experienced the sad effects of his fear—it being half an hour before he was rendered entirely insensible of pain.

Meantime, some of the mob came to his assistance, and pulling at the rope about Mr Green's neck, threw him upon his back. Then the barber fell to work, ripped him up, and laid the flaps of skin on both sides; the poor gentleman all this

while made the sign of the cross with one hand and strove to cover himself with the other. During this operation, Mrs Elizabeth Willoughby, a Catholic gentlewoman, kneeled at his head and held it fast between her hands. His face was covered with a thick sweat; blood issued from his mouth, ears, and eyes; his forehead burned with so much heat, she said she could scarcely endure her hand upon it.

In the midst of all this anguish, she heard him frequently repeat the words, "Jesus, have mercy upon me!" The barber was still under great consternation, and imagining he had got hold of Mr Green's heart, he cut out a piece of his liver to expose it, as was usual, to the people. At last, by Mrs Willoughby's intercession, and that of another lady who accompanied her, the sheriff gave orders that he should be put out of his pain; which was done by cutting his throat.

"Afterwards," says Dod, "followed a very unnatural scene. His quarters being divided, and his head separated from his body, the mob kicked it about, like a football, and then thrusting sticks into the eyes, exposed it to the people.

"However, the spectacle did not affect every one after the same manner. Especially a clergyman of the Church of England, having observed the constancy and religious behaviour of this unfortunate gentleman" (or rather, we should say, this blessed martyr) "was heard to say that 'a few of these examples would do their Church's business

—meaning, as some were pleased to expound his words, that 'the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church.'

"This account of Mr Green's sufferings I have," says Dr Dod, "taken from a manuscript of Mrs Elizabeth Willoughby, who adds that three women died at the same time; two whereof were reconciled to the Catholic Church by Mr Green in prison, and were absolved by him at the place of execution."

"The same was performed," says Dod, "to Mr Green himself by a priest of the Society of Jesus, who sate on horseback at a convenient distance, to observe the sign they had agreed upon. He suffered at Dorchester, August 19th, 1642, being fifty-seven years of age." (See Dod's "Church History of England," vol. iii. book ii. pp. 86, 87).

It may be interesting to give Mrs Elizabeth Willoughby's own account; and some portion of it we therefore subjoin, to supply matters omitted in Dod's account:—

"Upon Wednesday, before the sentence of death being given against him by judge Foster, he said in Latin, 'May the name of the Lord Jesus be for ever blessed!'

"Now I beseech our Lord to put his words into my memory," continues Mrs Willoughby, "that I may expressly relate them, for I have a great scruple to add or take away; and therefore I have had the help of a true servant of God, who was

attentive at his death; yet we, being two weak women, cannot punctually remember all. Much admired was his devotion. He kneeling on the hurdle, made his prayer, and kissed it before he lay down upon it. . . . Then he was taken from the hurdle, and stayed on the hill a good distance from the gallows, until three poor women were hanged—two of them had sent him word the night before that they would die in his faith. Oh, what comfort was this to God's true servant, who did all which was possible to see and to speak with them but could not. Then they sent again to desire him that, when they had made a confession of their sinful life at the gallows, and should give him a sign, he should absolve them; the which, with great joy on his part, and much benefit, I hope, on theirs, was performed. They two, turning their faces towards us, and throwing forth their arms, cried out to him, 'God be with you, sir!' and so died; but the third woman turned from us towards the press of people, and so she died, her face or speech never tending towards us. . . .

"Now I also noted that God of His mercy was pleased to yield him the like comfort, by a reverend father who was there on horseback to absolve him; the which, with great devotion and reverence, taking off his cap and lifting up his hands and eyes to heaven, he received from him. . . . Now is our martyr brought to the foot of the ladder by the sheriff, where, falling on his knees, he remained in devout prayer. . . . Then he took his

crucifix and *Agnus Dei* from his neck and gave them to this devout gentlewoman, my assistant in this relation; and his beads he gave to another; also he gave the master-keeper his handkerchief. And last of all, to me, most unworthy, he gave his book of litanies, &c.; also from the gallows he threw me down his band, spectacles, and priest's girdle. Then turning himself to the people, and blessing himself with the sign of the cross, he began:—

"'There be four principal things which all men ought to remember: death, judgment, heaven, and hell.'" (The address can be read in Dr Challoner's "Memoirs.") The martyr was frequently interrupted, but, among other things worthy of notice, Mrs Willoughby relates that he said:—

"'I forgive all the world from my heart, and all those who have had a hand in my death; and I beseech you all, if I have offended any of you in anything, that you will every one forgive me; . . . and I pray, God give you all His grace to seek Him so, as you may be made able to attain His mercy and eternal life.'

"Then he called to me, and desired me to commend him heartily to all his fellow-prisoners, and to all his friends. I told him I would, and that some of them had gone before him, and with joy expected him. Then, on my knees, I humbly begged his benediction; so did five more of us; and he cheerfully gave us his blessing, making the sign of the holy cross over our heads. Then one

Gilbert Loder, an attorney, asked him if he did not deserve death; . . . to which he replied, 'My death is unjust.' So pulling the cap over his face, his hands joined on his breast in silent prayer, he expected almost half an hour his happy passage by turning of the ladder, for not any one would put a hand to it, although the sheriff had spoken to many. I heard one bid him do it himself.

"At length he got a country clown, who, presently, with the help of the hangman (who sat astride on the gallows), turned the ladder, which being done, he was noted to cross himself three times with his right hand as he hanged; but instantly the hangman was commanded to cut him down with a knife which the constable held up to him, stuck in a long stick, although I and others did our utmost to have hindered him. Now the fall which he had from the gallows, not his hanging, did a little astonish him; for that they had willed the hangman to put the knot of the rope at his poll, and not under his ear, as it is usual." (Then follows some account of the miserable barber who was to butcher him, given before.) She proceeds to say that "he sat up," in his agonies under the knife, "and took Barefoot by the hand to show, as I believe, that he forgave him. But the people pulled him down by the rope which was about his neck. Then did this butcher cut his belly on both sides, and turned the flap upon his breast, which the holy man feeling, put his left hand on his bowels, and, looking on his bloody hand, laid it

down by his side, and lifted up his right hand and crossed himself, saying three times, 'Jesu, Jesu, Jesu, mercy!' The which, although unworthy, I am witness of, for my hand was on his forehead; and many Protestants heard him, and took great notice of it; for all the Catholics were pressed away by the unruly multitude, except myself, who never left him until his head was severed from his body. Whilst he was thus calling upon Jesus, the butcher did pull a piece of his liver out, instead of his heart, and tumbling his intestines out every way, to see if his heart were not amongst them; then with his knife he raked in the body of this blessed martyr, who even then called on Jesus. And his forehead sweat, then it was cold, and presently again it burned; his eyes, nose, and mouth run over with blood and water. His patience was admirable; and when his tongue could no longer pronounce that life-giving name 'Jesu,' his lips moved, and his inward groans gave signs of those lamentable torments which for more than half an hour he suffered.

"Methought my heart was pulled out of my body to see him in such cruel pains, lifting up his eyes to heaven, and not yet dead. Then I could no longer hold, but cried, 'Out upon them that did so torment him.' Upon which a devout gentlewoman, understanding he did yet live, went to Cancola, the sheriff, who was her uncle's steward, and, on her knees, besought him to see justice done, and to put him out of pain; who, at her

request, commanded to cut off his head. Then with a knife they did cut his throat, and with a cleaver chopped off his head. Then was his heart found, and put upon a spear, and showed to the people, and so thrown into the fire. . . . Then did this gentlewoman and myself go to the sheriff and beg his body, the which he freely gave up to us. Then did the devil roar, and his instruments, the blind Dorcestrians (whom with my soul I deplored), did fret and chafe, and told the sheriff that he could not dispose of his quarters to Papists, neither should we have them. And truly I believe that, if we should have offered to carry them away, they would have thrown the body and us into the fire; for our number was but small, and they many thousands.

"Their fury did so rage against us that we were forced to withdraw ourselves, and had not I procured the master-keeper's wife to have gone back with us to the town, they had stoned us, or done us worse harm, as I was told by many credible people; so great is their malice to Catholics. God in His mercy pardon and convert them.

"From the town we sent a shroud by a Protestant woman, to wrap his happy quarters in, whom it seems God did send to us on purpose to do this last office unto His servant; for to us all she was a stranger, and lives twelve miles from the town. And when she heard us mourn that not any of us durst appear, she, with a courage, went and saw his quarters put into the shroud, and buried them

near to the gallows, although she suffered many affronts from the ungodly multitude; who, from ten o'clock in the morning till four in the afternoon, stayed on the hill, and sported themselves at foot-ball with his head, and put sticks in his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth, and then they buried it near to the body; for they durst not set it upon their gate, because the last before which was long since martyred amongst them, Mr John Cornelius Mohun, 1594—they set up his head upon their town gate, and presently there ensued a plague, which cost most of them their lives; so that still they fear, yet will not amend. God hold His merciful hand over them, or else I fear a severe judgment will befall them for this their last inhuman cruelty. I wish the contrary, and heartily pray that we may all partake of the prayers and sufferings of this our glorious martyr, whose magnanimity and patience were to me both admirable and profitable. And well did one minister who was present at his death, amongst forty more of his coat, say, that 'If many such men should die, and be suffered to speak as he did, they should soon shut up their books.' This is credible, although for some respects the man is not named.

"Sir, this is briefly what I conceived myself obliged to signify unto you concerning this subject, not doubting but that you will conceive the same comfort in reading it, as I did in writing the same unto you, who am, sir, &c.,

"E. Willoughby."

HENRY HEATH'S name appears in most of the histories of the troublous times of which we have been speaking. He was born at Peterborough, 1600; educated at St Bennet's college, Cambridge, and was appointed librarian to his college. Through means of George Jermingham, Esq., he was introduced to the Rev. George Muscott, who reconciled him to the Roman faith, and procured him admission into the secular college at Douay.

Conceiving a strong desire to unite himself to the English Franciscans there, he was admitted, 1623. In religion he took the name of brother Paul of St Mary Magdalen. In December 1630, he was appointed vice-president, and afterwards guardian, and custos custodum, and commissary of his English brethren and sisters in Belgium. Thence he went on his mission to England, where he aspired to the glory of martyrdom with the enthusiastic zeal of St Ignatius of Antioch. This desire of his heart was granted him at the age of forty-three, on the 17th of April 1643, O.S. For further particulars the reader is referred to Dr Oliver's "Collections," p. 554. He was the author of "Soliloquies and Documents of Christian Perfection," printed at Douay, 1674, with his portrait.

Bishop Challoner tells us that he wore a rough haircloth constantly, and an iron chain or girdle under his habit. He seldom indulged himself even in the poor convenience of the straw-bed allowed by the rule; but spreading a blanket upon the

floor, laid himself down in his habit upon it; and after rising at midnight with the rest of the community to matins, he frequently prolonged his prayer till prime in the morning. As to his soul, it seems from certain written regulations found in his own hand after death, that he made a meditation after matins; applied himself to practise aspirations of the love of Jesus a hundred times a day; to mortify upon every occasion his eyes, his tongue, his passions, and affections; to support the defects of all without a murmur; to suffer incommodities and want of necessaries with a pure resignation; to regard God and His service only, &c., &c. To all he added these three rules:— "1st, Of renouncing all right in everything whatsoever, that I may willingly suffer myself to be spoiled of all things for God's sake. 2dly, Offering myself as a servant to every creature, that I may do him all good, expecting no profit thereby but crosses and afflictions. 3dly, To live as absolutely dead to the defects of others, that I may continually find out and lament my own defects." His constant attention to God did not hinder his progress in the sciences, having great natural abilities. No less than thirty treatises on different subjects, of his compiling, in his own hand, are still preserved in his convent as monuments of his learning.

On the occasion of the condemnation of nine priests, one of them, his intimate friend, also a Franciscan, he wrote to them; and we transcribe a

portion of the letter given by Dr Challoner ("Memoirs," vol. ii. p. 244) :—

"O ye most glorious men, most noble friends, and most courageous soldiers of Christ Jesus! How great is my unhappiness that I am not permitted to come to you, that I may be partaker of your chains, and offer myself to be consumed with that ardent love of Jesus Christ, which in your trials hath made you so constant and victorious over human fears. O good Jesus! what is the crime I am guilty of, for which I am not to be permitted to enjoy your company, seeing there is nothing in this world I desire more; nor, indeed, is it possible that anything can satisfy me so long as I am kept from you. Wherefore I humbly beseech you, for the love of God, to pray for me, that I may come to you, and never be separated from you."

About the same time he wrote to his Provincial for his consent to his going on the mission, and the following heroic passage occurs in it :—

"Why, sir, you cannot allow that soldier to be a man of courage who, hearing that the army is drawn up in battle array, the drums and trumpets sounding to the charge, and yet shall indulge himself at home in sloth and cowardice. I am unfit, I deny not, and altogether unworthy to discharge this apostolic duty, or presume to suffer for the name of Christ; but His apostle has assured us that 'virtue is perfected in infirmity,' and that God has

'chosen the foolish, that He may confound the wise.' Our most benign Lord inspire you to hasten your consent, and I shall eternally remain your poor child, "PAUL, MAGD."

And here it would be a pity to omit a letter of this devoted saint to one of the poor Clares at Aire, given to Dr Oliver in 1820 by Bishop Collingridge, whom, as her spiritual father he thus addresses:

"MY DEAREST CHILD,—This day I understood of thy great weakness, in the Rev. mother's letter (Catherine Clare Keynes); whereupon I could not but write to thee, being, it may be, the last that I shall ever write or speak to thee any more in this life. And this I do, more for my own benefit and commodity (hoping that thou wilt ever be mindful of me when thou comest to thine eternal rest) than for any necessity of thy part, who hast so long bethought thyself heretofore concerning this time. And I know thy conscience doth sweetly recount to thee the former passages of thy own life. With what zeal, with what contentedness, thou didst leave the world, thy natural parents and dearest friends, purely and simply to come to Jesus! and that, not for His comfort and pleasures, for honour and other temporal favours, which He often heapeth upon those that serve Him, but to make thyself His servant, His slave, His vassal, to give thy body and soul wholly unto Him, to be wholly His, as a servant or slave is wholly in

his master's hands, to strike him or beat him, to send him, or call him, when or whithersoever he pleases.

"I know thou canst not but remember those sweet meetings, those loving, silent, night discourses which, in thy strength and weakness, thou hast heretofore enjoyed with thy beloved Jesus, when He has asked thee sweetly, as He did St Peter, 'Dost thou love me?' And thou hast answered Him again, 'Ah, my dearest Master, this is all my sorrow, this is all my grief, that, desiring with all my heart to love Thee, I cannot love Thee so perfectly, so steadily, so entirely as I desire to love Thee.'

"The very house and walls of thy enclosure cannot but put thee in mind where and how thou hast lived these many years, as if thou hadst been thus long already buried in thy habit from the world. How sweetly now canst thou say to thyself, 'O happy time, O happy years that I have now passed in my Redeemer's service! O blessed prison, O happy chains and bonds of my vows, which I have borne for sweet Jesus! Here I have daily carried my cross, which has taught me the way of true humility and patience. Here have I been broken of my own proper will and judgment, which would have hindered me from being wholly resigned and obedient to the will of God. Here have I been trained up in virtue, in the fear of God, in the way to heaven. Here I sweetly sang the praises of my Redeemer. Here have I followed

Him from the garden to the judgment-seat of Annas and Caiaphas, from Pilate to Herod, from Herod to Pilate, from Pilate to the Cross. Here have I bewailed my infirmities, confounded my human frailties. Here have I fought against my appetites, subdued my passions, vanquished mine inclinations. Here have I spent many a groan to come to Jesus, when He has hid Himself from me. And *now* my whole pilgrimage is to be ended. Now I go to my sweet Beloved, whom I shall ever more enjoy; and never more be separated from Him, nor evermore be troubled with sin, nor with the temptation to sin.' These things and the like, I know are familiar with thee, and, therefore, I need say nothing to comfort and encourage thee in this thy last combat.

"Concerning thy confessions, I will not have thee trouble thyself with those things of which thou hast formerly spoken to me, for they are mere vanities and fancies and of no moment; therefore contemn them, and die confidently, and I will answer for them.

"I am sorry it falls out so that my present employments will not permit me to see thee at this present. Yet if there be a necessity of my coming, send word presently, and nothing shall detain me, God willing. And if thou departest without me in body, yet thou shalt not go without me in heart and soul. For I have always, since I knew thee, found an interior particular propensity and inclination of my very heart towards thee, for the

wonderful good example of virtue and sanctity which thou hast given me.

"And I bless God with all my heart that He has made me acquainted with the examples of thee and others in that blessed community, that I might learn how to frame my life in this my frail and tedious pilgrimage, that I may once come whither thou art going. And, therefore, I do earnestly commend my poor soul to thee when thou art with blessed Jesus, not doubting but He will mercifully assist me and help me at thine intercession for me.

"Sweet Jesus keep thee, and conduct thee to His eternal happiness; and I shall ever pray for thee. —Thy poor unworthy brother,

"BROTHER PAUL.

"MAGDALEN HEATH, *Sept. 3rd*, 1637."

A little time before the sentence of death was passed upon him, he wrote out of prison the following letter to a priest, his intimate friend. (See Dr Challoner's "Memoirs," vol. ii. p. 252.)

"VERY REVEREND FATHER,—Your consolations have refreshed my soul. The judges have not yet given sentence. I beseech the Divine goodness that it may answer my desires, that I may suffer death for my Lord Jesus Christ. Alas! father, what other thing can I desire than to suffer with Christ, to be reproached with Christ, to be crucified with Christ, to die a thousand deaths, that

I may live for ever with Christ? For, if it be the glory of a soldier to be made like his lord, God forbid that I should glory in anything but in the cross of my crucified Lord. Let, then, the executioners come, let them come; let them tear my body in pieces, let them gnaw my flesh with their teeth, let them pierce me through and through, and grind me to dust. For I know, I know full well, how profitable it will be for me to die for Christ.

"The moment of this suffering doth work an eternal weight of glory in heaven.

"May your reverend paternity be pleased to pray for me a miserable sinner, who will ever be in the wounds of Christ until death be swallowed up in victory.—Your reverence's most humble servant,

"F. PAUL, of St Magdalen."

Dr Challoner adds, "It is also remarked of F. Heath in Mr Ireland's 'Diary of Douay College,' that he declared in prison, though he always was convinced that the martyrs found much joy and consolation when they were to suffer for Christ, yet he never could have imagined this delight to be so exceeding great as he now found by his own experience."

The foregoing letter must remind the reader of the great St Ignatius in his singular enthusiasm.

JOHN ALMOND, who, in his examination before the Bishop of London, calls himself FRANCIS

LATHORNE, but known upon the mission as Mr MOLYNEUX, was born near Liverpool, and educated at the school of Much-Woatton in the same county, and from thence went abroad. Dr Challoner is our authority for the following brief records of him, who gathered the history of his examinations before Dr King, Bishop of London, from that written by himself, and from an old manuscript (amongst the collections in the Rev. Mr Knaresborough's possession) by an eye-witness of the martyr's death.

In the register at Douay, Challoner found the entry that John Almond, priest, coming from Rome, visited Douay on his way to England. The MS., giving an account of his death, proceeds thus :—

"Upon Saturday, being the 5th of December 1612, between seven and eight o'clock in the morning, came to suffer at Tyburn for the Catholic religion, John Almond, a man of the age of forty-five, by his own relation, yet in his countenance more grave and staid, beginning to be besprinkled with hairs that were white; who, having tarried beyond the seas about ten years, to enable himself by his study, with learning and virtue, returned to his native country, where he exercised a holy life, with all sincerity and a singular good content to those that knew him, and worthily deserved both a good opinion of his learning and sanctity of life; a reprover of sin, a good example to follow, of an ingenious and acute understanding, sharp and apprehensive in his conceits and answers, yet com-

plete with modesty, full of courage, and ready to suffer for Christ, that suffered for him. Of his stature, neither high nor low, but indifferent; a body lean, either by nature or through ghostly discipline; a face lean, his head blackish-brown; in his conversation mild, learned, and persuasive, and worthy to be remembered of those that did converse with him. As I said, not only a sharp reprover of sin, but also an encourager besides, by his own example, of those that sought the way to heaven,—which he himself found at the last by persecutions, losses, and many afflictions."

So far the manuscript quoted by Dr Challoner (vol. ii. pp. 84, 85).

Mr Almond was apprehended on the 22nd of March 1611–12, and brought before Dr John King, lately advanced to the bishopric of London.

What passed was penned by himself; and to save space, we here again refer to Dr Challoner's "Memoirs." After his examinations he was committed to Newgate, whence, after some months, he was brought to trial for having taken orders beyond the seas and remaining in England, being a Roman priest.

He was, of course, found guilty.

On the 5th of December 1612, he was brought out of Newgate for execution, between seven and eight A.M., stepping into the sledge with a smiling countenance, and was drawn to Tyburn.

Arrived there and unbound, he took off his hat and blessed God with a loud voice, that He had

held him worthy, and had brought him to that place to die for His name and glory.

Then asking what he must do, the sheriff desired him to get up into the cart under the gallows; which he did with some difficulty, the cart being high, and his legs stiff and weak from the cold and bad lodging given him in gaol for ten days previously. He then said, "I am now, thank God, up." Kneeling down he crossed himself, prayed, and asked the sheriff's leave to speak to the people, who very courteously gave him permission to do so. He then spoke in loyal terms of King James; said he "had come to die for the Catholic religion, and for Christ's cause, Who had shed His blood for him and his redemption; that he was glad and willing to lose his life for His honour, and sorry he had no more lives to lose, no more blood to shed, for the cause of his blessed Redeemer."

A minister interrupted him in the expression of some loyal observations which followed the above, and asked, "how he, being a priest, came into the country against the laws?" To whom Mr Almond replied, that "Christ was the greater King; and that laws made against Christ's laws were not binding; and that, in case he were a priest—which they had not proved him to be—he had a commission derived from Christ, who sent His disciples to teach all nations, to come and teach in England; as he supposed Protestants, if their religion were true, might be sent into India, Turkey, or elsewhere, for saving of souls, notwithstanding the

laws of those countries might make it death to do so."

To other perversions of his preaching he made replies; and in reference to the charge that he had said even a king-killer might find pardon, he said, "Murder was a heinous crime, and of a king *most of all*, yet the greatest sinner repenting, confessing, and making restitution and satisfaction, might be forgiven through the infinite merits of Christ's bitter passion—one drop of Whose Precious Blood was sufficient to have saved ten thousand worlds, how much more one sinner, though never so vile. That Christ had said as much," etc.; and then he appealed to his accuser and the perverter of his doctrine, "whether this were not also Protestant doctrine?" to which the minister replied, that "it was, if they had faith." Mr Almond said, "faith was not sufficient, except it were applied aright; for the devils believed and trembled, and yet could not be saved; and that Christ's death had made satisfaction."

Being almost stripped, having nothing on but his waistcoat and breeches, and the halter having been long about his neck, he kneeled down, prayed, and gave thanks to God, who had strengthened him by His grace, and brought him thither to shed his blood for the Catholic religion.

He then gave away some tokens of affection.

He also threw three or four pounds in silver amongst the poor around him, saying, "I have not much to bestow or give, for the keeper of Newgate

hath been somewhat hard unto me and others that way; whom God forgive, for I do. For I having been prisoner there since March, we have been ill-treated continually, but now at last without charity; for we were all put down into the hole, or dungeon, or place of "little ease," whence was removed, since we came thither, two or three cart-loads of filth and dirt. We were kept twenty-four hours without bread, or meat, or drink, loaded with irons, lodging on the damp ground, and so continued for ten days or thereabouts."

The sheriff then told him, that "the keeper had done nothing but by orders, and what had been commanded him to do."

Then Almond replied, that he would speak no further of it.

Turning to the executioner, he gave him a piece of gold of eleven shillings, adding,—

"I do not give thee this to spare me; for I am ready, as my duty doth bind me, to lose both life and blood; and, therefore, he might, if he would, rip him up alive, and cut off his hands, for that no torment was sufficient to satisfy his obedience to his Redeemer; wishing he had the heart of St Vincent, or the body of St Lawrence, to be broiled upon a gridiron; for he was ready to suffer all, even to be pulled in pieces, joint by joint, without any favour; so much he hoped God would strengthen him with His power, and that all the blood which he had to shed for his Master Christ was too little, and not enough."

Again he kneeled down, humbly "acknowledged himself a sinner, and earnestly begged God's mercy and forgiveness, not doubting but that what sins soever he had committed, which, he confessed, were many, Christ, by His mercy, His death, and the shedding of His blood, would remit and pardon; and that He would now accept his willingness to shed his blood for His glory."

The minister then said, "What! do you match and compare, then, your blood-shedding with Christ's blood-shedding, as if Christ were not able to work your salvation without your own means?"

The martyr replied, "You mistake me; my sins, though venial, deserve Christ's wrath and punishment. It is His death alone, and the shedding of His Blood alone, that is not only sufficient, but efficient to save us all.

"I have not much more to say; one hour overtaketh another, and, though never so long, at last cometh death! And yet not death,—for death is the gate of life to us, whereby we enter into everlasting blessedness. And life is death to those who do not provide for death; for they are ever tossed and troubled with vexations, miseries, and wickedness; but to use well this life, is the pathway—yet through death—to everlasting life."

Then, being in his shirt, he kneeled down and often repeating (in Latin), "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit; Thou hast redeemed me, O Lord God of truth." He waited while the hangman prepared for the execution; constant,

with a cheerful countenance, without sign of fear, and with a sure hope, asking, to the last, the prayers of the faithful. He, moreover, protested that he died as he had, without exception, lived all his life—in strict celibacy and purity.

He had to stand long in his shirt; the weather was cold, the morning frosty, yet he showed no shivering, and quietly gave his hands to be tied by the executioner. He then asked if it were not customary to have a handkerchief over the eyes? the people cried "Yes;" one offered a dirty one, which was refused for him; but the good man said, "it was of no matter." Then a stander-by gave him a clean one, and tied it over his face, which still looked cheerful. He asked the hangman to "give him a sign when the cart was to be drawn away, that he might die with the name of his blessed Saviour Jesus, that sweet name of comfort, in his mouth." The sign being given, he cried, "Jesu, Jesu, Jesu!" Hanging for some time, some standers-by pulled his legs to despatch his life; and he was then cut down and quartered. Such is an abridged account given from the details which an eye-witness recorded.

It may be well to subjoin the following facts relative to Dr King, Bishop of London, who is supposed to have been the principal promoter of his death. It is said he was "ever after a man of sorrows," and that before his death he went over to the same religion as his victim.

In the preface of a book published in his name

after his death, called "The Bishop of London's Legacy," he is introduced addressing himself thus to the martyr :—

"O happy Almond, who here upon earth didst mark thyself under the name of Molyneux, in thy blood, even in thy blood, did I wash my hands. It was I that did further thy death. Be thou, O blessed saint, who now seest and hearest me, . . . be thou, out of thy seraphic charity, as propitious to pray for the remitting of that crying sin, as I am ready to acknowledge the sin; and let thy blood (guilty of no other treason, than in not being a traitor to Christ and His Church) not resemble the blood of Abel, which cried for revenge against his brother, but rather the blood of Christ, which prayeth for pardon of His crucifiers." (Epistle to the Reader, pp. 10, 11).

Almond suffered in the 11th year of his mission.

We should, according to order of time, have given the records concerning this exemplary saint before those of Mr Maxwell; but the reader will observe that, having taken the histories contained in this volume from different sources respectively, we have paid comparatively little attention to this, or any other order of procedure, giving the histories as we have read them.

Thomas Tunstal (in the Douay records, called Helmes) was collaterally descended from the ancient family of the Tunstals of Thurland, Lancashire, who afterwards removed into Yorkshire,

where they long resided at Scargill, Hulton, or Wickliff.

He was born in the diocese of Carlisle, performed his studies at Douay, and returned to England a priest in 1610.

Soon falling into the enemy's hands, he spent four or five years in different prisons. At last, escaping from Wisbeach, he proceeded into Norfolk, and found refuge in a friend's house near Lynn. But he was there very few days before the search for him proved effectual, and he was retaken. This occurred by reason of his having applied, through the advice of his friend, to Lady l'Estrange, a charitable woman, residing in the neighbourhood, to doctor his hands, which had been much torn by friction against the rope by which he had made his escape from prison, and which for want of attention had produced painful sores.

This good woman, alas! told her husband, Sir Hammond l'Estrange, some particulars respecting her patient—he being a justice of the peace—so that he immediately cried out, "This must be the Popish priest lately escaped out of Wisbeach," for whom he had that day been ordered to make diligent search.

On her knees, Lady l'Estrange then besought her husband to take no notice of anything she had said, adding she should be an unhappy woman all her life should the priest come into any trouble through her.

But the knight was resolute in his determination,

and sent out a warrant to have him seized and brought before him. In vain his wife's renewed entreaties to have him dismissed—she was powerless to save him—and Mr Tunstall was committed to Norwich gaol, whence, at the next assizes, he was brought to trial, and condemned. Upon which, crossing himself, falling on his knees, and lifting his hands to heaven, he cried out in an audible voice (in Latin), "Blessed be the Holy Trinity, and undivided unity; we will confess to Him, because He has showed His mercy unto us;" and thus continued a while in prayer.

Cutting him short in his replies to questions then put to him, the judge bade him attend to the nature of his sentence, which was that he should be "drawn through the streets to the place of execution, where he should be hanged by the neck, then cut down alive, and butchered."

"Deo gratias!" replied Tunstall; then with a smiling countenance, he turned to the judge, and said,—

"Why, my good lord, this whole dreadful sentence imports but one death. I do assure your lordship, by the help of God's grace, I am not ashamed nor afraid of death, come when it will."

The next morning, at nine o'clock, he was taken to his happy martyrdom.

Omitting many particulars, we will only relate that, being drawn on the hurdle for a long mile through the streets and ways so full of dust, he was nearly suffocated by it.

When he got up, Sir Hammond l'Estrange alighting from his horse, and with his head uncovered, came and spoke to him in a courteous manner, as follows :—

"Well, Mr Tunstall, I find then you are determined to die, and I hope you are prepared for it."

"Indeed, Sir Hammond," he replied, "die I must, neither do I repine at it. On the contrary, I have good reason to rejoice that I am to die in so good a cause. And therefore I cannot but be thankful, in a particular manner, to Sir Hammond l'Estrange, for being chiefly instrumental in bringing me to this place. I do heartily forgive you, sir, and I beseech God, that my guiltless blood may not be heavy upon you and yours."

Sir Hammond thanked him, and so departed.

He ascended the ladder with great courage, and kissed the gallows and rope. After a prayer, he began to address the crowd, but was hindered by Sir Thomas Jenkinson and others.

He often repeated the words, "O God, be merciful to me a sinner!" and often called on the holy name of Jesus; imploring also the intercession of the blessed Virgin and the Saints. Also, he prayed for the royal family and others.

The sheriff and ministers asked him, "if he believed there was any merit in good works, and whether he expected to be saved by his own?" He answered that,—

"Good works were certainly meritorious, and a great means of salvation, through the passion of

Christ; without which no one could be saved." But that, "as for himself, he acknowledged himself a most unprofitable servant, or rather, most wicked and good-for-nothing; and therefore had his whole recourse to the Death and Blood of his Redeemer, and desired to hide himself in His wounds."

Then he asked for water to refresh his mouth, by reason of the great heat and dust; and asking what o'clock it was, and being told it was about eleven, then said he, "It is near dinner time. Sweet Jesus, admit me, though most unworthy, to be a guest this day at Thy heavenly table."

There was a great fire near the gallows, at the back of the martyr; he turned and kept his eyes for some time on it; and when the rope was put about his neck, he said,—

"Glory to thee, O Lord!"

He then begged the Roman Catholics to recommend him in their prayers to God, and said (in Latin), "Good Jesus, the Word of the Father, the brightness of the eternal glory," &c., adding, "Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit!" The executioner gave him notice of his last moment, by saying,—

"Now, Mr Tunstall!"

And the martyr responded, crying, "Jesu, Jesu, have mercy on me!" and so was turned off.

Amongst the spectators, many of them persons of note, were numbers who shed tears; and all were sensibly affected, and spoke kindly of him,

being edified by his saint-like behaviour. He was permitted to hang till dead, and then the rest of the barbarous sentence was carried out; and as he had intended to have entered the order of St Benedict, his head was placed, at his own request, on his gate; his quarters they placed on the wall of the city; when, having hung for some time, they were privately taken down.

The judge who condemned him, died before he had finished his circuit, and most of the jury came either to untimely ends or great misfortunes. So says Dr Challoner.

It is a remarkable fact, that God's special judgments appear to have visited the immediate aiders and abettors of these bloody judicial murders, on many, if not on most, occasions.

Amongst the martyrs whom we scruple to overlook in these few brief records, JOHN LOCKWOOD deserves some mention.

He was the eldest son of Christopher Lockwood Esq. of Soresby, county of York, by N. Lassels, his wife, daughter of Sir Robert Lassels, of Brackenborough, in the same county. According to the Douay Diary, he was born in 1555, making him eighty-seven years of age when he suffered; but other accounts, to which Dr Challoner refers, gives him ninety-six years at the time of his martyrdom.

He quitted an estate of £400 per annum to devote himself to the service of God as a priest;

and in so doing, to entail upon himself but suffering and ultimate death.

He studied at either Rheims or Douay, and then at Rome, where he was ordained.

Twice he was imprisoned during his missionary labours in England, before he was finally imprisoned prior to execution. In 1610, he was sent into banishment; and whether, when caught on his return, he was released by the interest of Henrietta Maria, or escaped, or how it was, Dr Challoner can give no account.

It was a place called the Woodend, at the house of a Mrs Catenby, a widow, where the old gentleman had lived some years, that he was seized for the last time. He was at work in his little garden when the priest-catchers rushed upon him. Their leader was one Cuthbert Langdale—they being inhabitants of the neighbouring town of Thirsk.

The good old man took leave of his friends quite calmly, and seemed not at all alarmed at the suffering which was before him.

But the difficulty was to get him to York. They set him on horseback, but through age and weakness he could not ride. Cuthbert then got up behind, to support him—but in vain, for, after having ridden so a short time, he fainted away. Then, when he recovered, he became very sick, and told Cuthbert he could not sit on horseback. "Then, you shall lie on horseback;" replied he, "for to York Castle you are sent, and to York Castle you shall go, *with leave of the Lord*" (!)

Accordingly, they laid the prisoner on the horse, Cuthbert still riding behind, and holding the prisoner with one hand, while he held the rein with the other. Thus, after many a halt, many a sick fit and fainting away, they reached York; and Mr Knaresborough, from whom Dr Challoner gives his account, says that the inhabitants of that city were filled with indignation and horror at the sight they presented on riding through the streets, the venerable old gentleman thus dragged half-fainting to prison, and, as all knew well, only on account of his faith.

Cuthbert, having delivered his prisoner to the gaoler, was making haste homeward, doubtless ashamed to show himself before the disgusted people who had witnessed the part he had taken in the matter, when Lockwood called to him in a friendly way,—"Hark you, Cuthbert, I have even given you a great deal of trouble in bringing me to this happy place. Here, take that angel for your pains; and the Lord be with you."—And then he gave five shillings more to the other priest-catcher for his share in the trouble; so that they parted very good friends.

What more touching example could history afford of doing good for evil! Lockwood had a fellow-prisoner, a Mr CATHERICK; and these two were tried at the next assizes, and condemned. The king had them reprieved for a short time; but the Christian Parliament clamoured so much against any reprieve for priests, that the king

reluctantly signed the warrant for their execution.

On the 13th of April 1642, the king, Prince of Wales, and other distinguished persons being then at the Manor in York, the holy and venerable old gentleman and his friend were drawn through the streets on a hurdle.

After spending some time in prayer, Mr Catherick was desired by the sheriff to mount the ladder. The poor man walked towards it, but showed by his countenance that the fears of death were oppressing his soul.

Lockwood perceived it, and at once stepping forward, and planting himself at the foot of the ladder, said,—

"Mr Sheriff, under favour, the place is mine; I am his senior by many years, and therefore, with leave, I challenge it as my right to mount the ladder first."

Then turning to his friend, he said,—

"My dear brother in Jesus Christ, and fellow-sufferer, take courage. We have almost run our race; shall we faint and be tired when in sight of the prize? Oh, let us run in spirit to our Saviour in the garden,—and call upon Him in His agony and bloody sweat.

"O blessed Lord Jesus, who submitted Thyself to death, for the example and comfort of Thy servants at the hour of their deaths, be near us, we beseech Thee, at this moment. Moderate our fears, strengthen our faith, and confirm our hopes, that,

in obedience to Thy call, we may go forth to meet Thee readily and cheerfully; and thankfully drink of Thy chalice, how bitter soever to nature.

"O Jesus, sweeten it by Thy grace; help Thy poor servants that call upon Thee, that we may here lay down our lives in obedience to Thy holy will, and in defence of Thy holy religion, with constancy and perseverance.

"Lord Jesus, once more we commend ourselves in this dreadful hour to Thee. Help us by Thy powerful grace, that Thou, O Lord, mayest be glorified by our deaths, and Thy Church and people edified."

After this beautiful prayer, so calculated to soothe and strengthen his more timid companion, he began to climb the ladder. To him this was a difficult task, and he turned smilingly to the sheriff, and said,—

"Have a little patience with me. Indeed, this same climbing a ladder is a piece of hard service for an old man of fourscore and seven. However, I will do my best; for who would not take thus much pains, Mr Sheriff, to get heaven at the journey's end?" Then he began to ascend once more, and assisted by two men, he reached the top.

Here he asked Mr Catherick how he was.

"In good heart," he replied, "blessed be God; and ready to suffer with constancy the death His providence has allotted me."

"Yes, my dear father, I am willing and ready to follow you; thanks be to my Lord and Saviour,

Jesus, Who, by His grace strengthening me, and by your good example, has encouraged me."

This reply gave great comfort to his venerable companion; who, after a few minutes spent in prayer, and some words of exhortation to his Roman Catholic brethren present, whose prayers he asked, gave himself up to the executioner. Then raising his hands and eyes to heaven, he cried out,—

"Jesus, my Saviour! Jesus, my Redeemer, receive my soul! Jesus, be to me a Jesus!"

The hangman immediately flung him off, and he soon expired.

The former, it appears, shrank from staining his hands with his blood, and refused to carry out the rest of the brutal sentence, saying he would rather hang himself than do so. At last, a vile creature, in female form, urged him till he consented, and then, as if he had wound himself up to a pitch of frenzy to enable him to do so, he "fell to work like a fury," as Challoner says, cutting and slashing the bodies of both the martyrs, and hashing the entrails into small parts, flung them amongst the crowd. The heads and quarters were fixed on the gates of the city, and the head of Mr Lockwood on Bootham-bar gate, close to the king's palace, so that he could not avoid seeing it whenever he went in or out.

Edmund Catherick, of whom some account has been given, was descended from the Cathericks of

Carlton, an ancient family of the North Riding of Yorkshire, near Richmond.

Justice Dodsworth had married a near kinswoman of his; yet, in spite of the claims of this connection, and the still greater claims of Catherick upon him as a guest in his house, he took advantage of a private confidence on that occasion, committed him to York Castle for being a priest, and appeared against him on the trial.

Mr Knaresborough says that Dodsworth and his family suffered for some years a series of dire disasters, from the guilt of his blood upon them.

His forgiveness of his traitorous host, as shown in his prayers especially offered for him, was much to be admired.

He said he "as freely forgave him, and as heartily, as he hoped for mercy and pardon of his own manifold sins at the hands of God." We said his courage failed him for a moment, being desired to mount the fatal ladder the first; but his friend's words and heroic constancy restored his self-possession, and he said,—

"Lord, I obey; be near me, O Lord; my soul hath trusted in Thee; let me not be confounded for ever!"

Then pulling the cap over his eyes, he delivered himself up, and soon calmly expired, April 13th, 1642.

His head was placed on Meiklegate-bar.

It is difficult to select from amongst the holy

men who, for conscience' sake, submitted willingly to the cruelties practised upon them.

Among others whose lives were sacrificed shortly after those of Lockwood and Catherick, we find that one good man, EDWARD MORGAN, *alias* Singleton, was confined for fourteen or fifteen years in a loathsome place in the Fleet prison, where his sufferings were severe.

When at last tried and condemned, so great was the reverence of his Roman Catholic brethren for him, all desired to have some remembrance of him, and they cut off even his buttons, and pieces of his coat, as relics,—till he took off his coat and gave it to them to be divided, and then they gave him a new one to wear at his execution.

A full account of his last words and conflict will be found, as elsewhere, in vol. ii. p. 208 of Challoner's "Memoirs."

The following beautiful prayer by Father Anthony Turner, a graduate of Cambridge, who was executed at Tyburn, on Friday, the 20th of June deserves to be transcribed here.

"O God, who hast created me to a supernatural end, to serve Thee in this life by grace, and enjoy Thee in the next by glory; be pleased to grant by the merits of Thy death and passion, that, after this wretched life shall be ended, I may not fail of a full enjoyment of Thee, my last end and sovereign good. I humbly beg pardon for all the sins which I have committed against Thy divine Majesty, since the first moment that I came to the use of

reason to this very time. I am heartily sorry from the very bottom of my heart, for having offended Thee, so good, so powerful, so wise, and so just a God; and purpose, by the help of Thy grace, never more to offend Thee, my good God, whom I love above all things.

"O sweet Jesus, who hast suffered a most painful and ignominious death upon the cross for our salvation, apply, I beseech Thee, unto me the merits of Thy sacred passion, and sanctify unto me these sufferings of mine, which I humbly accept of for Thy sake, in union of the sufferings of Thy sacred Majesty, and in punishment and satisfaction of my sins.

"O my dear Saviour and Redeemer, I return Thee immortal thanks for all Thou hast pleased to do for me in the whole course of my life; and now, in the hour of my death, with a firm belief of all things Thou hast revealed, and a steadfast hope of obtaining everlasting life, I cheerfully cast myself into the arms of Thy mercy, whose arms were stretched in death for my redemption.

"Sweet Jesus, receive my spirit!"

Let us now turn to one of the blackest pages in our English history, and give a few examples of Puritan intolerance in Ireland.

With wholesale butcheries, such as that at Drogheda, where Roman Catholics were slain without an offer of mercy, through apostatizing from their faith, a butchery lasting in that town

for five days, the blood of fellow-Christians—man, woman, and child—running in the streets like rivers; —with these we need not to trouble the reader. It is only of martyrdoms wherein death was willingly submitted to for conscience' sake, that we shall treat; for his and for our own edification.

At Cashel, when all resistance of the people to their barbarous invaders had ceased, the priests, together with very aged men and women (some stated to have been in their hundredth year), took refuge at the foot of the altar in the Cathedral; amongst whom was Father THEOBALD STAPLETON, who, crucifix in hand, and in his sacred vestments, was cut to pieces; and when all the rest had fallen in the same way, RICHARD BARRY, of the order of St Dominic, alone survived.

Struck by his noble and sanctified appearance, the captain said to him,—

"Your life is your own, provided you fling off that habit. But if you cling to such a banner, verily you peril life itself."

To this Barry replied, "My habit is an emblem of the passion of the Redeemer, and more dear to me than life."

"Think more wisely," rejoined the captain. "Indulge not this blind passion for martyrdom; for, if you comply not with my orders, death awaits you."

"But if so," replied the devoted man, "your cruelties will be to me a blessing, and death itself a great gain."

Infuriated, they bound the holy man to a stone chair, kindled a slow fire under his feet and legs, and, "after two hours of torture," as Dr Moran tells us, "his eyes flashed their last upon that heaven which he was about to enter."

We may notice that (as was very justly observed to the writer by a man of profound learning and thought, and likewise a member of the English Church), if it be objected that no verbal abjuration of faith was demanded as the price of this, or other sufferers' safety; but simply, in this case, the taking off of a characteristic religious habit,—to this we may reply: Nor was the repetition of a prescribed form of words, abjuring the Christian faith, required of multitudes of the early Christians who suffered under heathen persecution; but the mere casting a little incense on the altar of an idol.

This act, unaccompanied by any utterance of the lips, would have constituted a denial of Christ; and so the taking-off of a religious habit would equally have served as a denial of the faith and abjuration of the Church, in the case of the martyr Barry.

PETER O'HIGGINS, of the order of St Dominic, was led to the scaffold in the court-yard of Dublin Castle in the year 1641. He was a pious and an eloquent man; of the former fact what follows will be sufficient proof.

He was arrested and brought before the lords-justices on a charge of endeavouring to seduce Protestants from their religion.

Failing to sustain any capital charge against him, he was informed by those in authority that, if he abandoned his faith, he should have many and great privileges, but that all depended on his embracing Protestantism.

It was on the morning fixed for his death that this message was sent to him.

In reply, O'Higgins desired to have this proposal under the signature of the justices, and that it should be handed to him when in sight of the gibbet.

Hearing this, the justices sent the written document for pardon on the before-named conditions, together with the warrant for his execution.

O'Higgins had just ascended the first step of the ladder leading to the gibbet, when the executioner placed the paper in his hand. He bowed courteously on receiving it; and Moran tells us that there was a loud demonstration of exultation on the part of the mob at the supposed apostasy of the martyr from his faith.

Standing yet on the scaffold, he exhibited the document he had received, and commented warmly on the avowed iniquity of his judges.

Addressing the members of his own faith amongst the crowd, he said :—

"My brethren, God hath so willed that I should fall into the hands of our relentless persecutors; they have not been able, however, to convict me of any crime against the laws of the realm. But my religion is an abomination in their sight; and I

am here to-day to protest, in the sight of God and man, that I am condemned for my faith. For some time I was in doubt as to the charge on which they would ground my condemnation; but, thanks to Heaven, it is no longer so; and I am about to die for my attachment to the Catholic faith.

See you here the condition on which I might save my life?

Apostasy is all they require; but, before high Heaven, I spurn their offers! and with my last breath will glorify God for the honour He has done me, in allowing me thus to suffer for His name."

He then cast the conditional reprieve into the crowd, and bade the executioner perform his office; the bystanders hearing him give thanks to God with his latest breath.

(See De Burgh's "Hib. Dom.," p. 561; also, Mechan's translation of the "History of the Geraldines," by O'Daly; referred to by Dr Moran in his "Persecutions of the Irish," pp. 133-135.)

LAWRENCE O'FERRALL, a descendant of the illustrious house of that name, was a zealous preacher of the Roman communion.

Being arrested, he was brought, covered with wounds, before the authorities.

Through the intercession of friends, he was given three days to meditate on the expediency of renouncing his religion.

These three days, De Burgh says, were spent by

him in tears and prayers, that it might be granted to him to receive the martyr's crown.

He had been beaten with sticks and burned with gunpowder before being taken to the justices; and thus was fully alive to the cruelty he had to expect from his persecutors.

On being led to the scaffold, undaunted by aught he had suffered, and untempted by his chance of liberty as the price of apostasy, he addressed the Roman Catholics present with great fervour. Then arranging his beads round his neck, and grasping his crucifix in his right hand, he prayed. In the agonies of death, when hanging from the gibbet, and pierced with a sword, he raised his hands aloft, holding in them still the crucifix as the token of his victory.

(See Dr Moran's "Persecutions," together with the references there given.)

In the times of which we treat, it will be observed that the Roman priesthood was taken from quite a different grade in society in England and Ireland—certainly in the latter country—than in the present day. THADEUS MORIARTY was the last friar of the Dominican order in the convent of Tralee; and O'Daly, writing of him, observed that "the splendour of his birth was surpassed only by the brilliant effulgence of his virtues." His learning and piety becoming known to his Protestant enemies, they took measures to apprehend him. "Through life," his biographer states, "he was a model of humility and

mildness; and never did bride more joyously go forth to the marriage-altar, than he to his death."

When the death-warrant was read to him, he clasped the messenger, and distributed money to his executioners.

From the scaffold he exhorted the spectators not to be dismayed, but cling with tenacity to their hallowed creed, to be ever mindful of the vicissitudes and transitoriness of this life, describing martyrdom as the securest, as well as shortest, path to the heavenly crown.

During his martyrdom, though beaten with clubs and lashed with whips, he gave no sign of impatience, but seemed wholly insensible to his sufferings.

The judge inquired of him why he did not obey the laws of the kingdom, to which he mildly replied, that "he had to obey God and His vicegerents, who had commissioned him to preach the gospel of Christ."

He was executed on the 15th of October 1653.

The honoured name of Mrs ALISON READ, amongst others of her sex who won the martyr's crown at this time in Ireland, deserves some notice.

The soldiery, acting on the *carte blanche* given them by the Puritan authorities, rushed upon the defenceless town of Dunshauglin, and seized on fifty old men, women, and children, and mercilessly slew them with their swords and spears.

Mrs Read was in her eightieth year, but her age had not enfeebled her mind, nor cooled her religious zeal. With the heroism of a true soldier of Christ, and unappalled by the horrors she witnessed, and the fate of which she was in momentary expectation herself, she encouraged the sufferers to endure every torment with constancy, for the sake of their faith.

Enraged at her exhortations, the Puritans, after inflicting many wounds upon her, set her up as a target to be fired at; and thus she fell, a happy victim to the holy efforts she had so fearlessly made in the cause of her religion. Her son preserved the records of her martyrdom. He was a learned man, and the writer of a biblical commentary. He died on the 1st of August 1651. His devout mother's martyrdom occurred in 1642.

Felix O'Neill, of the noble family of O'Neill, was one of those to whom life was offered, and with it the restoration of all his property, if he would embrace the tenets of the Puritans, but who nobly refused to deny his faith, and braved all the cruelty which such constancy ever met at the hands of the persecutors; a cruelty which he realised in being half-hung and quartered whilst living in Dublin 1652, whither he was sent on his capture.

It is with regret that we pass over the histories of the illustrious confessors :—

Donatus O'Brien, of the royal race of the O'Briens;

BERNARD FITZPATRICK, of the noble lineage of the Barons of Ossory;

HUGH MACMAHON, the head of his noble family in Ulster;

CORNELIUS O'BRIEN, the Lord of Caringh, county of Kerry, and many others of noble birth, as well as of persons of more humble origin, who "loved not their lives unto the death, that they might win Christ, and be found in Him;" "not accepting deliverance, that they might obtain a better resurrection."

An interesting account of CONNOR MACGUIRE, Baron of Enniskillen, is given in Dr Moran's "Persecutions of the Irish Catholics under Cromwell and the Puritans;" published by James Duffy, Dublin.

LADY ROCHE, wife of Maurice, Viscount Fermoy and Roche—a very holy woman—was hanged at Cork 1654, at an advanced age; as also,

LADY BRIDGET FITZPATRICK, of the house of Darcy, and wife of Florence Fitzpatrick, Baron of Ossory, in Dublin, 1652; without even the form of law or justice.

The prophetic foresight of the death of Ireton, and the conviction of the latter in dying that it was a judgment of Almighty God upon him for the martyrdom of him who prophesied it, renders the brief sketch of TERENCE ALBERT O'BRIEN'S execution one well worthy of being recorded in these pages.

He was the Bishop of Emly in the bloody days of Puritan ascendency and persecution.

When Limerick was besieged, writes O'Daly, quoted by Dr Moran, Ireton sent him word that he would give him forty thousand pounds sterling, and permission to return whithersoever he pleased out of his kingdom, provided he ceased to exhort the people against surrender. And here, let it be remembered, that surrender of temporal and personal freedom involved the surrender of religious freedom likewise—the abjuration of their faith, and the adoption of Puritan tenets.

But the worthy bishop spurned such a base proposal, resolved rather to die than sell his conscience, and those of his people.

When Ireton heard his determination, he excepted the bishop from amnesty and every other condition that he proposed to the besieged, and swore, moreover, that he would visit the citizens with the most rueful retaliation if they did not bring to his quarters the head of the prelate, together with those of twenty men who voted against surrender.

Upon this, two hundred ecclesiastics assembled in council, and resolved to interpose between Ireton and the twenty whom he had doomed to die; but the noble offer was unavailing, for all ecclesiastics were exempted also. The bishop then offered to give himself up, provided the lives of the rest were spared; but all the ecclesiastics rejected the proposal.

At length the whole city was surrendered, and the noble bishop fell into the enemy's hands.

Here Moran gives references to the "History of the Geraldenes" (p. 204, *seq.*) and De Burgh's Hib. Dom. (p. 489). He says, the holy prelate "went with joy to the place of execution, and then, with a serene countenance, turning to his Catholic friends, who stood in the crowd inconsolable and weeping, he said to them, "Hold firmly by your faith and observe its precepts; murmur not against the arrangements of God's providence; and thus you will save your souls.

"Weep not for me, but rather pray that in this last trial of death I may, by firmness and constancy, attain my heavenly reward."

He then, filled with a prophetic spirit, reproved the ferocity of the heretics, declaring that "divine vengeance would soon await their crimes; and summoned Ireton, the arch-persecutor, to appear in eight days before the tribunal of the just Judge, to answer for his deeds of cruelty."

This singular prophecy and adjuration was verified and obeyed.

On the "eighth day" Ireton, stricken with the plague, and crying out that the execution of the innocent bishop was the cause of his death, miserably expired.

The head of his martyr-victim was fixed on a spike, and remained long exposed to public view on the tower in the city over the great bridge.

Sir Charles Coote, whose barbarous orders to the soldiery, in letting them loose to hunt the Roman Catholics, were unparalleled in atrocity, was

mortally wounded by an unknown hand, and of the 60,000 English and Scotch soldiers sent over to Ireland, the majority were carried off in such heaps that the cemeteries of Dublin, Drogheda, and Cork could not contain them, and pits were dug in the fields, outside the walls, to bury them.

Surely this was a just retribution for the torrents of innocent blood shed of victims, many of whom, surrendering on the promise of life, were first stripped naked, and then treacherously massacred.

Pestilence very usually succeeds a famine; and it was a main object of the Puritans to bring on the awful famine that visited Ireland at the time of their sanguinary persecutions.

Ormond's "Letters" say that "Sir William Parsons advised the *burning of corn*, and to put man, woman, and child to the sword;" and Sir Adam Loftus wrote to the same effect—a renewal of the policy adopted in the time of Elizabeth, so strongly recommended by Spencer "in order that thus," he said, "they might be driven to devour each other."

Lord Clarendon in his "History" (vol. ii. p. 323) records that, when an armistice was agreed to between Ormond and the Catholic forces, the Parliament passed a vote of censure on the commander for betraying, as they said, the interests of the Protestant religion; "since the rebels were now brought to their last gasp, and reduced to so terrible a famine that, like cannibals, they eat one

another, and must have been destroyed immediately, and utterly rooted out!"

The pestilence resulting from the famine first appeared in the west, and then soon spread through the whole country.

A few more details of individual fidelity and heroism must close our Martyrology :—

DENIS NELAN was descended from noble parents in the county Limerick, a priest of the order of St Francis, and had been for many years parish priest of Kilragty. When Limerick fell into the hands of the Puritans, he was arrested in the house of his relative, Mr Laurence Neherenny.

They tied his hands behind his back, and so led him to the island of Saint Cunan, where was their camp, and the whole way along he fervently exhorted them to attend to their eternal salvation.

When interrogated by the commander whether, renouncing the Roman doctrines, he would subscribe to the Puritan tenets, he replied that, "he had long anxiously sighed for an occasion when he might lay down his life for the Catholic faith, and he not only would never renounce its saving doctrines, but was ready to endure a thousand torments in its defence."

Scarcely had he uttered the words, when the soldiers erected a gallows, and hanged him on the spot.

ANSELM BALL was a native of Fingall, and a

priest of the order of Capuchins, and for more than twenty years laboured in his vocation.

When the priests were nearly all expelled from Dublin, Anselm succeeded in disguising himself for a while, labouring indefatigably in consoling the afflicted of his people, and administering to them the Sacraments; sometimes passing two successive days and nights without any repose. At last he was obliged to fly into the country. But finding that, even there, none were allowed to receive a priest into their houses, under penalty of death and confiscation, he built himself a little hut of brambles, in a rocky district. Thence he went forth at night covered only with rough and tattered garments, unmindful of the inclemency of the weather, and visited the surrounding towns, risking every danger in order to fulfil his holy vocation.

More than once his hut was discovered, and he was compelled to fly for refuge to the mountains and caves; having nothing for food but a little barley bread and water, and sometimes without even this.

His labours were deeply esteemed by the people; for whatever place he indicated for the Holy Sacrifice, no matter how dark or stormy the night, all assembled there.

The pestilence then broke out, and a new sphere of labour opened to the devoted saint. At this time no fewer (Moran relates) than two thousand in the city and adjoining country fell victims weekly.

It was three years before it wholly ceased, and for four months it raged with especial violence. During this time, Father Anselm devoted himself to the sick, often "obliged to enter, creeping on hands and feet, the fetid huts of the persecuted poor."

To no fewer than seven thousand persons did he administer the consolation of the Sacraments; and he was obliged to carry many, on their decease, upon his shoulders to a place of sepulchre.

Seven times he fell into the hands of the troops, was beaten, and despoiled of his books and vestments, and all he possessed; yet each time, either through the exertions of other Catholics, or by the special interposition of Providence, he was enabled to escape.

On one occasion he was recognised and assailed by one horse-soldier alone.

The good father proved a "muscular Christian," and more than a match for his assailant, and soon unhorsed and disarmed him. Then, obliging him solemnly to promise he would never more pursue any priest, he restored him his horse and arms.

Once he was brought before a magistrate and received sentence of transportation to the tobacco islands; but even then, through the influence of a friendly nobleman, the sentence was remitted.

These particulars were taken from the papers of one T. Barnabas Barnewall, written from Dublin, October 4th, 1669, and quoted by Dr Moran.

Whether this good man escaped death so long

threatened him, and so heroically braved in these his holy labours, we do not know; but assuredly, now that he rests from them, he is enjoying their heavenly reward.

DANIEL DELANY was another specimen of a "muscular Christian," and to him was awarded a martyr's crown. He was parish priest of Arklow, and he was put to death at Gorey. Dr John Lynch, writing in 1662, thus describes his heroic death:—

"The enemy came by surprise on Daniel Delany, and savagely massacred, before his eyes, his servant, named Walsh, who was flying for his life with a packet of the sacred vessels and ornaments. But the priest himself, being a powerful man, drew his sword and defended himself so well against the attack, that he compelled his assailants to promise him his life, if he delivered up his sword.

"So far, however, from keeping their solemn promise, they immediately stripped the venerable man naked, and tied him to a horse's tail. The rider goaded his horse to full speed through a road covered over with brambles and thickets, and rough with frost and frozen snow, and dragged the priest to the town of Gorey.

"There the savage commander of those hunters condemned him to death, in violation of the solemn promise. He was covered with blood, his sides torn, and his whole frame exhausted; he was,

nevertheless, delivered up to a guard of soldiers, who were to watch in turn during the night.

"While he lay there, naked, sleepless, frozen with cold, and livid with bruises, his guard amused themselves with twisting and plucking his long beard with a cane, and cruelly beating his sides with cudgels; and these excruciating tortures could extort no other answer than that he would bear his sufferings more patiently, as it seemed to afford them some pleasure.

"Next day, he was three different times hanged to the bough of a tree, and three times let down to the ground, to protract the agony of his torture. But he was strangled with a rope at last; and thus ended his life of suffering, to reign triumphant in heaven." (Moran quotes from Cambr. Evers., vol. iii. pp. 182, 3.)

On the same authority we are told that DONNCHADH O'CONAIGH, aged sixty years, had the soles of his feet smeared with grease and burned in the fire, in the camp at Wicklow, by order of Colonel Crafford; the noble old man surviving the torture only one day.

But we can give but one more account of individual martyrdom, and that of Plunket, Archbishop of Armagh. Meantime drawing notice to the following statistics:—

"In the year 1640," Dr Burgatt writes, "there were in Ireland twenty-seven bishops, four of whom were metropolitans. In each cathedral there were

dignitaries and canons; each parish had its pastors; there were, moreover, a large number of other priests, and innumerable convents of the regular clergy.

"But when Cromwell persecuted the clergy all were scattered." Because, according to edict, any one guilty of concealing the whereabouts of a priest, and not seizing and taking him before a magistrate, was to be "cast into prison, flogged through the streets, and afterwards have his ears cut off; and should it appear that he kept up any correspondence or friendship with one of them, he was to suffer death!"

"More than three hundred were put to death by the sword, or on the scaffold," says Dr Burgatt, "amongst whom were three bishops. More than a thousand were sent into exile, and amongst these, all the surviving bishops (with one only exception, the Bishop of Kilmore, who was too much weighed down by age and infirmities to fulfil his episcopal duties). Thus for some years our island remained deprived of its bishops; a thing never before known during the many centuries since we first received the light of Catholic faith." (See Dr William Burgatt's "Brevis Relatio," agent for the Irish clergy in Rome, afterwards Archbishop of Cashel, 1667, —quoted by Dr Moran.)

And be it ever remembered, that the infernal cruelties practised on the Roman Catholics of Ireland, and the wholesale butcheries, such as, amongst many like instances, that of General

Cooke's, when he shut up three hundred men and infants in a house in the county Wexford, and set fire to and burned them all; or of the seventy persons thrown overboard and drowned by Swanley; or of Ludlow's smoking to death some fugitives who had hid themselves in a cave (according to his own "Memoirs," vol. i. p. 422. Vevay Edition, 1688), in which cave they were celebrating the Blessed Sacrament of the altar at the very time; —be it ever remembered, we say, that these monstrous atrocities were committed, not solely at the will of a disorderly soldierly, nor of certain wicked individuals, but with the express sanction and approval of the *religious* authorities; and stated to be in accordance with the tenets of their Puritan faith.

So that the wretch, Captain Swanley, who drowned the seventy people he had captured at sea, was publicly commended by Government, and awarded, as a testimonial to his merit in so doing, a gold chain of £220 value; and Lord Clarendon writes, that such wholesale drownings were not exceptional.

In the "Commons' Journal" of 1644 (vol. iii. p. 517), it is recorded, that "Captain Swanley was summoned to the bar of the House of Commons, and had thanks then given him for his good service," and the chain above named given him!

The following particulars are extracted from

Dr Moran's "Memoir of Dr PLUNKET," Roman Primate of all Ireland.

Dr Plunket was the last victim to anti-Catholic fury raging in England. He was arrested in his place of concealment in Dublin, whither he had gone to assist, in his last moments, his relative, the aged Bishop of Meath; and by a body of militia, commanded by Hetherington, was, by order of the Viceroy, committed a close prisoner to Dublin Castle, on the 6th day of December 1679. For the first six weeks of his imprisonment no communication with him was permitted. On his trial he declared, "I was a prisoner six months, only for my religion, and there was not one word of treason spoken of against me for so many years." And the Attorney-General himself avowed that he was arrested "for being an over-zealous priest."

William Plunket, a relative of the primate, returning from Rome to his native land, wrote to the Cardinals of the Propaganda:—"March 20th, 1680. . . . Having arrived in Ireland, to my great dismay and grief, I received the news that the Primate was a prisoner in the Royal Castle, Dublin. I hastened thither; and having heard and learned for certain that he had been imprisoned only for being a Catholic bishop, and not for having abandoned the flock of our Lord in obedience to the edict published by Parliament, I was somewhat consoled,—it being his and our glory that he should suffer in such a cause."

The scene of his imprisonment was shifted to London on leaving Ireland, October 21st, 1680.

It is unnecessary in this short sketch to give any account of his trial. Friday, July 11th, was fixed for his execution; and at an early hour he was conducted to the scaffold, stretched on a hurdle, and drawn to Tyburn. The dauntless spirit he had displayed in prison (during six months of which, his only companion being the warder, no one else was permitted to communicate with him) never forsook him. A hundred years had elapsed since a Roman Catholic bishop had been thus executed there; and thus an immense multitude had collected. On the scaffold he delivered a short address, protesting his innocence as to the charges made against him, pardoned his enemies, prayed God to be propitious to him through the merits of Christ, and the intercession of the blessed Virgin and the Saints.

His remains were interred, at his own request, in the Church of St Giles, and with them a copper-plate, on which was the following inscription :—

"In this tomb resteth the body of the Most Rev. Oliver Plunket, late Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of all Ireland, who, when accused of high treason, through hatred of the faith by false brethren, and condemned to death, being hanged, at Tyburn, and his bowels being taken out and cast into the fire, suffered martyrdom with constancy, in the reign of Charles II., king of Great Britain, on the 1st day of July 1681." (Translated

from the Latin. See Dr Moran's "Memoir of Dr Oliver Plunket.")

We could extract much from the biography of this excellent divine that would interest the reader, were he of any denomination professing Christianity; but we cannot do more than give a mere sketch of his history and martyrdom, and some portion of one of his letters, to show "what manner of man he was," and a part of one relating to him, by an intimate friend of his, a Mr Corker, to a lady, whose name is not given:—

. . . "The trial being ended, and he condemned, his man had leave to wait on him alone in his chamber, by whose means we had intercourse with each other. And now it was I clearly perceived the Spirit of God in him, and those lovely fruits of the Holy Ghost—charity, joy, peace—transparent in his soul; his countenance so divinely elevated; such a composed mixture of cheerfulness, constancy, love, sweetness, and candour, as manifestly denoted the Divine goodness had made him fit for a victim, and destined him for heaven. None saw or came near him but received new comfort, new fervour, new desires to please, serve, and suffer for Christ Jesus, by his very presence. . . .

"He continually endeavoured to improve and advance himself in the purity of divine love, and, by consequence, also, in contrition for his sins past; of his deficiency of both which this humble soul complained to me, as the only thing that troubled him. Indeed, the more we love God,

the more we desire it; and the more we desire it, the more we love. . . . In him was fulfilled that (rule) of the Canticles, viii. 6: fortis est ut mors dilectio. This love had extinguished in him all fear of death. A lover feareth not death, but rejoiceth at the approach of the beloved. Hence the joy of our holy martyr seemed still to increase with his danger, and was fully accomplished by an assurance of death. The very night before he died, being now, as it were, at heart's-ease, he went to bed at eleven o'clock, and slept quietly and soundly till four in the morning, at which time his man wakened him. . . . So much had the loveliness of the end beautified the horror of the passage to it. . . . As he gave up his soul, with all its faculties, to the conduct of God, so for God's sake he resigned the care and disposal of his body to unworthy me. . . . For an instance of this, the day before he suffered, when I sent a barber to him, the barber asked him whether he should leave anything on his upper lip; he answered he knew not how I would have it, and he would do nothing without my order; so that they were forced to send for me before the barber could finish his work. Another mark of his strange humility was that, about an hour before he was carried to execution, being desired to drink a little glass of sack to strengthen his spirits, he answered he was not at his own disposal, but at mine, and that he must have leave from me before he could either taste or refuse it.

"Whereupon, though I was locked up, yet, for his satisfaction, his man and the keeper's wife came to my chamber, and then returning back, told him I enjoined it, upon which he readily submitted. . . . The most savage and hard-hearted people were mollified and attendered at his sight; and many Protestants, in my hearing, wished their souls in the same state with his. . . . All believed him innocent.

"When he was carried out of the press-yard to execution, he turned him about to our chamber-windows, with a pleasant aspect, and, with elevated hands, gave us his benediction. . . . Sweet Jesus grant us His grace to follow his example, to the end we may deserve his present patronage and future company in eternal glory, which is the daily prayer of, Madam, your devoted servant in our Lord, CORKER."

Extract from a letter of Dr Plunket to Mr Corker:—

"But why should I speak of Saint John, whereas his Master, who was free from original, all venial, and actual sins, suffered cold, frost, hunger, prisons, stripes, thorns, and the most painful death of the cross? That of Tyburn compared, as I hear the description of it, is but a flea-biting. I ought therefore cheerfully desire it, heartily covet it, and joyfully embrace it; it being a sure way, a smooth path, by which I may, in a very short time, pass

from sorrow to joy, from toil to rest, and from a momentary time or duration to never-ending eternity. I pray, excuse errors. I hope soon there will be lacrymarum finis—the happy finis—which will draw me to that place where I may, in a great measure, recompense, or speak an interest with the greatest of Princes, to remunerate the favours and charities conferred upon your obliged friend,

"OLIVER PLUNKET."

With this brief record of Dr Plunket, our Anglo-Roman Martyrology must conclude.

Ample subject for spiritual edification has already been supplied—ample subject for humiliation to members of the so-called "Reformed" English Church.

We are aware that it will be urged by the bigoted and self-sufficient, as well as by the lazy and indifferent, amongst us, that "It is an ill bird that fouls its own nest;" but to such we simply reply, is it an "ill" physician that probes the angry wound, or searches deeply into a disease, that he may prescribe a fitting *cure?*

It is high time that the "root of bitterness" should be eradicated, the "railing accusations" silenced, and the blessed "fruits of the Spirit" cultivated amongst us, which that Word that cannot err tells us are "love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance, charity."

Then, and then alone, shall we prove our one-

ness with our divine Redeemer, whose Image has been so defaced in us, and whose Name we have so dishonoured by our habitual breach of His great "law of love."

A CATHOLIC MEMBER OF THE ENGLISH CHURCH, AND AN ASSOCIATE OF THE A.P.U.C.

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